HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XI.—No. 537.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CERES.

HORTICULTURAL HALL, BOSTON.

The Massachusetts Horticultural Society is entitled to the credit of being the pioneer association of this kind in the country. Our ancestors were very anxious to introduce English fruits and vegetables here, and at Boston they established "the Governor's Garden" in the second year of the settlement. In later times the great merchants, such as the Faneuils and Hancocks, were always importing choice trees and plants for their gardens. Still nothing was done by systematic labor until 1829, when sixteen gentlemen of Boston and vicinity held a meeting and organized the present Society. It was incorporated June 12, 1829, and was a success from its commencement. The chief originator and promoter of the scheme was the late General Henry A. S. Dearborn. At the same time the estate of Mount Auburn

FLORA.

was purchased at the suggestion of Dr. Jacob Bigelow by the gentlemen forming the Society, and the first rural cemetery was here established. The two corporations were afterward separated; but the Horticultural Society retained an interest which has been a large source of income to it.

In May, 1845, the Society, having purchased the old Latin School estate in School Street, Boston, erected a hall there. It was found necessary, however, to obtain more ample accommodations as the influence and operations of the Society increased; and despite the fears of some it was decided to purchase the site on Tremont Street, now covered by the new building, of which we give an engraving in this issue. This result was due to the perseverance of the President, C. M. Hovey, Esq., aided by the exertions of Messrs. Stickney, Whitmore, and Hunnewell of the Building Committee. A plan by G. J. F. Bryant and

POMONA.

THE NEW HORTICULTURAL HALL, TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

A. Gilman was adopted, the design being in accordance with that used in the modern public buildings in France. The building, which is constructed of white Concord granite, fronts on Tremont Street, and covers the lot between Bromfield Street and Montgomery Place. The lower floor is devoted to stores, the second story contains a hall 51 by 57 feet and 17 feet high, with various apartments for the use of the Society. The third story contains a grand Exhibition Hall, 50 by 77 feet, and 26 feet high. The building is justly regarded as an ornament to the city, and will probably lead not only to a more general use of the beautiful material of which it is constructed, but to a wider employment of the art of the statuary as a mode of decorating public edifices.

The exterior of the building is ornamented by three large statues cut in white granite. The subjects of these are "Ceres," "Pomona," and "Flora," and were selected by Messrs. C. O. Whitmore, H. H. Hunnewell, and B. P. Cheney, who generously presented the statues when completed to the Society. The execution was intrusted to Martin Millmore, a young pupil of Thomas Ball, and was carefully supervised by Turner Sargent, Esq., a gentleman of acknowledged taste in matters of art. The material used was white granite from Fitzwilliam, New Hampshire, and it presented great difficulties in the mechanical execution. These were happily surmounted, and the figures possess a lightness and grace almost incompatible with our ideas of granite. The engravings afford a very good idea of these charming productions.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 13, 1867.

ADJOURNMENT OF CONGRESS.

CONGRESS has adjourned until July, and unless a quorum is then present it will not again assemble until December. This short opening session has been marked by one important measure and one significant event: the Supplementary Reconstruction bill, and the virtual abandonment of the impeachment project.

The Supplementary bill was well digested, and it was passed into a law over the veto with dignity and unanimity. The President evidently means to give it a fair trial. He said to a Virginia delegation which came to ask if there were no hope of evading its operation, that while he had, as they knew, heartily opposed the bill it was now the law of the land which he must execute, and that the best thing they could do for themselves and for him was to go home and organize under it. Perhaps the President understood the situation. If he had virtually endeavored to defeat the intention of the bill by perplexing its honest operation, Congress would undoubtedly have proceeded, in Mr. Banks's imposing language, "to take into consideration the situation of the country;" in other words, it would have acted immediately upon the question of impeachment, and in a manner not agreeable to the President. But by his prompt and satisfactory action, appointing the very commanders who would probably have been selected by Congress, he showed a sagacity which nobody had a right to expect.

It was this action which, we think, disposed for the present of the impeachment—a subject which has been utterly mismanaged from the beginning. If a caucus of the House were necessary to consider the question as the House thought, every member should have been put upon his honor not to move the matter in the House until it was ready to be carried steadily to a successful result. Hopes and wishes and surmises and suspicions are not evidence. The subject should have been thoroughly sifted, and no charges made in the House of which the House was not sure that it had the proof. When they were made they should have been immediately referred. The Committee should have promptly reported. The impeachment should have been unanimously carried, and the trial have begun without delay.

Now as a matter of fact there seems to have been no evidence whatever beyond the general conduct of the President, which was fully known to the country, and upon which it has not demanded his impeachment. Technical arguments have been made, and the President has been denounced for his familiar offenses, but the orators have not been able to disturb the sensible conviction of the country that, under the circumstances, and without denying the fact of usurpation of powers, it was not expedient to impeach the President. It was felt that there was a better remedy for the difficulty, and it has been found. The President has been made practically powerless for mischief even if he designed it, and the country has been spared the angry conclusion of the debate, which must inevitably have arisen upon the point of suspension of powers during the trial. Congress has done wisely in obeying the inspiration of public feeling upon this subject, and in abstaining from a perilous work of supererogation. It would have been still wiser if it had refrained from officially beginning a movement of this kind which it was not perfectly sure of carrying through.

Senator Sumner is of opinion that a quorum will be present in July, and that he can then press his new bill establishing universal suffrage. But we doubt if the fact will justify his opinion unless some extraordinary event should happen in the mean while. The country needs rest. Every interest demands it. The chances of danger have passed; and we may now safely watch and wait the process of reconstruction.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE ASSASSINATION.

In the shameful and angry debate between Mr. Bingham and General Butler upon the alleged mutilation of Booth's memorandum-book, General Butler very plainly insinuated a charge against the President so horrible that, unless the General can justify himself, it will recoil upon him with fatal force. Speaking of the leaves which are said to be missing, General Butler is reported to have said:

> "The point which I make, and the point which should stand made before the country, is, that all the testimony was not before that tribunal. If all the testimony had been presented we should have been able to pursue the accomplices and to find out who it was that changed Booth's purpose from capture to assassination—who it was that was to profit by the assassination, and that would not profit by the capture of Mr. Lincoln—who it was that should succeed to Mr. Lincoln in case the bullet made a vacancy."

This is an unmistakable insinuation that the President of the United States was an accomplice in the assassination of his predecessor. It is not the first time that it has been suggested, but it should be the last. If General Butler has any thing which can fairly be called evidence he should have laid it before the Judiciary Committee, and have kept his lips sealed until the Committee reported. If he has such evidence would he not have given it to the Committee, and would not the Committee have reported before Congress adjourned? If he has not such evidence, or some other reason for believing the President an assassin than the fact that he would obtain office by the murder, will not General Butler have justly earned the censure due to all men who allow party zeal to stimulate them to infamous aspersions of their opponents? We are as sincerely opposed to the policy of the President as General Butler can be. Upon proper evidence we believe his impeachment and removal would be as easy as his election was. But we do not believe that the opposition to the President and his policy is in the least strengthened—on the contrary, it is most seriously weakened—by insinuations of atrocious crime.

The dominant party in this country is founded upon immutable principles, and its general policy is humane and just. For the welfare of the nation and of human liberty it ought to retain power for a generation. But if it would do so it must admonish every man who aspires to speak and act for it that it will not pardon so grave an offense as the imputation against an opponent of the most horrible crime, for which the accuser can not present evidence enough even to authorize a trial.

THE RUSSIAN TREATY.

A more inopportune moment than this for the territorial expansion of the United States could not have been found; and it would hardly have been suggested except by an Administration conscious that it has forfeited the approval of the country and casting about to devise some appeal to that vulgar sense of national honor which mistakes size for splendor. The sale of Russian America to the United States for seven millions of dollars would be undoubtedly a good thing for Russia; but that it would be equally desirable for us is not evident. It is a territory covering some four hundred thousand square miles, and is inhabited by sixty or a hundred thousand people, half of whom are Esquimaux; and it would be practically a remote colony, with a foreign population. The advantages to us are the control of the fisheries and the fur trade; but the continuity of our coast line would be interrupted by that of the British possessions, a territory which Great Britain would not care to relinquish, but which would necessarily expose the friendly relations of this country and England to disturbance.

The practical question is, whether it is wise at this time to enlarge our territory in any direction and at such an expense. If the advantage be decided, the sum is insignificant. If it merely secures more territory, it is extravagant. The rule which, in the present alienated condition of a part of the country, should govern the policy of extension is not hard to discover. Mere expansion is undesirable. The acquisition of a population foreign in origin and civilization is not an advantage. The annexation of Mexico, for instance, would be bad policy. The question which we should ask in all such cases is, will the proposed increase of territory tend to strengthen the national unity? The national power is already established. That is beyond question. The advantages of trade can always be secured by us upon the footing of the most favored nations; and that should be enough, except for great and decisive reasons.

Now with the area which we already occupy, with the constant and enormous immigration of the European population upon the east and of the Asiatic upon the west, and with the harsh and abnormal feeling of a large section of the country held by military power, any further expansion, any increased immigration or absorption of still another race does not seem to us to tend to strength but to weakness. We have great faith in the resources of the country, in our power of assimilation, and in the educative and elastic character of our political system. But there is no need of overloading the train nor of straining an unquestionable strength. The Union may safely increase with the advance of all methods of communication and with the growth of national feeling, but not otherwise. When the Constitution was formed, Portland or Falmouth was practically further from the seat of government than San Francisco is now. Steam, in its various applications, and the telegraph in the material world, and perfect freedom of speech and trade in the political and social world, are the agents which, by bringing every part of the country close to every other, facilitate greater actual expansion. But true statesmanship will secure what we already have before seeking for more. When these agencies, which have never been properly applied to this Union, but which will have fair play in the new epoch upon which we have entered, have welded our present territory and population firmly together, we may wisely consider the expediency of further expansion.

The advantage of obtaining a large territory with a population of Esquimaux is certainly not very striking, even with the added control of the fisheries and the fur trade. The sea line of our authority upon both oceans is now uninterrupted. To interrupt it would be to admit an opportunity of trouble. Russian America does not complete our Pacific line unless we obtain British Columbia and Vancouver's Island; and if it did, of what special value is a completed Pacific line at this time? The willingness of Russia is in harmony with her wise policy of an American alliance. Alone of all great foreign powers she pursued a sagacious course during our war, and her statesmanship wisely continues it. Undoubtedly, also, it is our "manifest destiny" ultimately to rule the continent; but that is no reason why we should immediately annex Mexico, or make war upon Canada, or buy Russian America. Before we enlarge our borders let us thoroughly organize our present possessions.

LEADERSHIP.

It is remarkable that a man who is reputed to be so clever as General Butler should have made such a mistake in the very beginning of his Congressional career. A body like Congress has laws which can no more be defied or disregarded than the laws of the physical body. One of these is instinctive rejection of an assumption of leadership. Nothing is said about it. Nothing even may be intended. The new Member who undertakes to lead may be of superior ability, and may have the qualities of a leader; but if he openly and immediately assumes to direct—to use a homely phrase—his comb will be cut close in a moment.

General Butler came to Congress fresh from his impeachment argument before Legislatures and Lyceums. He was wholly committed to a certain policy, and to a measure which was already under consideration. He came also, we are inclined to think, under an illusion as to his real position. His services in the war are unquestioned. There is nobody who does not concede that at the time he was in New Orleans he was the right man in the right place, and that his early movements in Maryland were of incalculable importance and value to the country. But his subsequent career did not deepen public confidence in him nor enhance his own fame. Still it is always pleasant to see a man of real ability who declines to be put down, and who opposes himself positively and steadily to a current of depreciation and even of ridicule.

The General sneered a little in Congress at the press; but no man is more indebted to it—no man has taken more vigilant care that what he said and did should be promptly communicated to his countrymen. Indeed, Mr. Parton's book represents him in the brightest colors; and his name has become, by the incessant echo of the press, one of the most familiar among current celebrities. But his weight, his influence, are not proportioned to his conspicuous name. We should say that the popular feeling in regard to the General is, that he heartily believes in Butler and is "a right smart feller." We doubt if there is that general confidence in his sagacity and singleness of purpose which would make a wise counselor or a safe legislator in such times as these.

When he came to Congress, therefore, he should have remembered modesty. If he felt that he could lead, he should have waited to give the House an opportunity of discovering it also. He should have reflected that, among a hundred and fifty men of various talent and ambition, there were many who would claim a precedence of longer service, and who would not concede without a fair trial the palm of ability. He should have known that every popular assembly instinctively resents the supremacy of a stranger, and that it is only, first, by learning and then by humoring its general character and tendency that it can be won to follow. Whether, therefore, as is generally understood, General Butler, on the day that the Congressional caucus met, was one of a secret and select clique which had arranged to control the meeting of the evening, or whether he came into the caucus hoping to carry it by a *coup de main*, the result was inevitably the same. He aroused a hostility which he could not placate, and from that moment all his efforts failed. Congress adjourns, and his prestige is lessened.

Indeed every public man should attentively study the signs of the times in regard to leadership. The country is so thoroughly aroused, that the common school is at last telling distinctly upon the situation in the general intelligence with which public questions are discussed, and in the perfect independence of leadership. Let any student of politics and of this country contemplate the present position of Mr. Seward and of his friend Mr. Weed. Let him remember the last Mayoralty election, when the *Tribune* endeavored to lead the Union party to the support of Mr. Hecker; or the Doolittle Convention of last year, when the *Times* labored to show that the Union party did not understand its own principles and purposes. We might mention other illustrations, but they are familiar to every body. They all show that there is a firm and intelligent public purpose in our present politics, which can not be kept back nor forced forward; and that purpose might well strike other nations with dismay if it were not exactly what it is—namely, a resolution not to blow out the lights of experience, but to reap the harvest of the war by founding the National Union upon justice.

THE FINANCIAL SKY.

The troublers of the Erie "pool" have stumbled into the Slough of Despond. Their discomfiture was predicted weeks ago in the financial articles of this paper. We hinted—by no means obscurely—of certain stock manipulations among the brokers which were destined to bring disaster upon those who suffered themselves to be caught in their meshes; and it will soon be discovered that other fabrics besides Erie will fall with a crash; other parties besides Hutck & Co. will be troubled with the ague. Indeed, the amount of money already lost by brokers and others since the first of January in consequence of the tumble in stocks would pay for all the improvements which New York will require for twenty years. We can mention instances that come to our personal knowledge daily, which would of themselves astonish the uninitiated public. One popular and successful author has lost within two months his entire profits upon three books—the earnings of two years of toil. A clergyman has nearly impoverished himself and wife. These are specimens of the lesser misfortunes. Those familiar with the "street" are acquainted with all these facts.

It is not our object to publish sensational articles. We wish to utter words of warning in season, counseling retrenchment and economy, so that by watchful preparation the people may avert financial disasters. If our predictions should even prove untrue, they will do no harm, if they do no good—as they say of Brandreth's Pills.

Nor are these monetary embarrassments by any means confined to Wall Street. The condition of general business is not healthy, whatever may be claimed to the contrary. In the single item of cotton the losses of the past three months have been tremendous; $6,000,000 will not cover them. The decline in price has been from 37 to 28½ for low middling, rallying for a day or two to 32, and then dropping away down to 26½. In dry goods, a few leading houses have done a large *credit* business, it is true, and there has been talk of a marked improvement; but those who have done nothing will find themselves the best off in the end. Five months ago rumors of the failure of two of our wealthiest houses filled the Street. They fortunately proved untrue; but this does not alter the fact that the trade is suffering. Who will tell how many small concerns have obtained extensions this year?

In the grain and provision business, too, there was a decided improvement a few days ago; but it was only spasmodic, and the gain bears trifling proportion to previous losses.

It is for the interest of leading merchants to grant extensions to their debtors when they become embarrassed; and equally so to conceal their debtor's position from the public, because his own credit suffers if it becomes known. By thus keeping the public in ignorance a crisis is postponed. We are inclined, however, to believe that commercial affairs are in a tolerably sound condition, and hope for the best.

No one will deny the prevailing stagnation in business. All the smaller industries are suffering. Laborers are demanding higher wages; housekeepers are clubbing to reduce the exorbitant rents. Owners of real estate are throwing their property upon the market, hoping to sell at figures which they can not expect to realize a few months hence. People have ceased spending money. One class has nothing left to spend, and the other is hoarding. Comparatively little capital is seeking investment.

What do these signs portend? Is the panic of April, 1864, to be repeated? Is there to be any serious distress at all? If not, why the present weight of anxiety that presses upon the public like an incubus?

It is comforting, however, amidst the present uncertainty, to mark one gleam of light through the gloom. It is the stability of the gold market and the confidence of the people in the Government. Gold has hardly fluctuated one per cent. for days at a time, and if its changes have been marked at all, it has only been when some senseless measure for tinkering the currency has been brought before Congress. Government securities are firm, and rule higher abroad now than ever. National bank-notes will last as long as the bonds are good, and the bonds will be good so long as the Treasury keeps itself supplied with a purse of ready cash. It is unfortunate, however, that there was not some leading spirit of eminent financial abilities in Congress to provide, before its adjournment, a panacea for all our financial ills.

CONNECTICUT.

Our friends in Connecticut fought gallantly, and their defeat is not a disaster. Whatever their doubts and hesitations might have been hitherto they unrolled the banner of fair play for all men, the cause to which the future belongs, and they have been defeated upon a principle for which they can not be ashamed, and which will vindicate itself at the next opportunity.

Of course the result is not pleasant, although it is of no especial significance. A Democratic majority of three or four hundred does not show that the general sentiment of the people has really changed; and that a State which, two years ago refused, by three or four thousand majority, to adopt an amendment equalizing suffrage should now come within a few hundred votes of carrying the election upon a platform of equal rights is a most remarkable and cheering sign.

Connecticut is always a very close State. Of its 90,000 registered voters about 25,000 are foreigners. Its native young men emigrate to other parts of the country, and its interests are constantly becoming less agricultural and more manufacturing. The Democratic candidates did not hesitate to declare for an eight-hours' law, and every thing was done by the Democratic orators to divert the mind of the people from the great national questions and to fix it upon local and temporary issues.

It would therefore be a serious error to interpret the result as a significant break in the Union line. That is, indeed, practically impossible. The current may dally and swerve but it will never flow backward. The mind and heart of the American people are set upon the overthrow of the spirit of caste and privilege and exclusion of which the Democratic party has been for a generation the chief bulwark, and of which slavery was the great political object. Slavery is gone, and with it surely goes the Democratic party for which slavery supplied leaders and dictated a policy.

PEACE AND VIRTUE, AND BEAUTY AND BOOTY.

Mr. G. Toutant Beauregard has written a surly letter to a New Orleans paper, in which he says that "four years of a desperate war have taught us that the argument of the sword can no longer be resorted to by us to redress our grievances. We must therefore submit, but with that calm dignity becoming our manhood and lost independence. Having been overpowered in the late struggle, we can submit to the harsh and ungenerous terms of our conquerors without dishonor, and we must adopt the least of two evils. A futile resistance would only cause our rivets to be driven closer. We must, then, acquiesce or leave the country."

Mr. Beauregard thinks that the colored vote will be an element of strength to himself and his friends, and exhorts every body to remember that "the Radicals" will disappear when "peace and virtue are restored to the country. The Conservatives will then take the reins in their own hands, and the constitutional laws of the land will once more prevail."

Peace and virtue are beautiful words. The last two which Mr. Beauregard coupled were "Beauty and Booty." Do not he and his friends think that silence would be peculiarly becoming to him at this time?

THE REJECTION OF GENERAL SLOCUM.

The New York *Times* says that the rejection of General Slocum by the Senate "surprises some who supposed that a well-tried soldier of the field would be acceptable to the Senate for Naval Officer at New York." If what the *Times* says were the whole truth such surprise would be natural. But it forgets to remember that General Slocum resigned his military commission and hastened home at a critical moment to dissolve his old political connections and to become the leader of the party which had bitterly denounced and opposed the war. If General Slocum were willing to trust the Copperheads with the settlement of the great results of the war, which they had steadily slandered and hindered, was it a trust that the State which had paid so tremendous a price for victory ought to have shared and rewarded?

His State did not think so. General Slocum lives in a district of a heavy Union majority. Two regiments from that district were under him in the field. But when he asked his district to ratify his ratting it increased its majority, and cast against him twelve hundred more than its usual vote; while his State by thirty thousand majority against him assured him that if he had forgotten what he fought for his fellow-citizens had not.

Did not the New York *Times* co-operate with the Union party of this State in defeating him? And will it tell us why it reproves the Senate for doing what the State of New York, with the valuable assistance of the *Times*, so emphatically did? If the Senate ought to make him Naval Officer, ought not New York to have made him Secretary?

JAMES BUCHANAN.

A few gentlemen of the Democratic party recently invited James Buchanan to a dinner, and informed him that in their judgment "no responsibility for the years of blood and sorrow we have endured rests upon him who tried, in a moment of terrible exigency, to do his duty under the Constitution."

They are not the true friends of Mr. Buchanan who thus dare the truth to be told, and they must not suppose that any consideration for him can conceal the terrible fact. Mr. Buchanan says that he hopes his correspondents "anticipate the general impression of future times." Now the general impression of future times will be derived from the fact that when the rebel chiefs were ripe for the war which they were about to begin, James Buchanan, the President, declared that if the personal liberty bills of some of the States were not repealed "the injured States, after having first used all peaceful and Constitutional means to obtain redress, would be justified in revolutionary resistance to the Government of the Union." In the same Message he said "Congress possesses many means of preserving it (the Union) by conciliation, but the sword was not placed in their hands to preserve it by force." He denied the right of coercion.

It is not possible to conceive a surer and more direct incitement to civil war. The verdict in Mr. Buchanan's case has been rendered. Why not leave him to be quietly forgotten?

DRAINAGE AND HEALTH.

We have spoken of water in two previous articles. The free supply of it implies the necessity of free drainage. If this be not provided there will be stagnant water here and there, and the whole surface will be too damp. The decomposition of accumulated matters of various kinds will thus be promoted, and the emanating gases will render the air impure and produce ill-health and disease. It is the alternation of moisture and dryness, to which accumulations of filth are exposed, where there is a good supply of water without adequate drainage, that especially favors decomposition.

It is, then, one of the essential means of securing a healthy condition of any city or town to provide for a free washing away of its constantly accumulating filth. The appliances for doing this should be obvious and complete, so that every inhabitant may see that it is an easy matter to keep himself and his premises clean. There should not only be an abundant inflow of water, but its outflow should be amply sufficient.

That the drainage may be perfect it should be carefully systematized. Much skill is sometimes required to adapt it to the various irregularities of surface, and for want of this skill there is often such deficiency of arrangement that either the drainage is very imperfect, or much needless expense is incurred in making it adequate.

There should be no detention of filth in the sewers, for if there is there will be a generation of noxious gases. The flow of water should therefore be free. The filth should literally be washed away. The floor of the sewer should not be flat, for this will allow of accumulation at the sides.

Surface drains will answer for some localities—where the descent is rapid and the supply of water is considerable. But where these circumstances do not exist, the detention of the filth will allow of its decomposition and the consequent production of various gases. Generally underground sewers are to be decidedly preferred.

There is often great carelessness in the construction of gutters. They should be evenly made, so that the water may readily carry along all the filth. For the same reason pavements should be made even and as impervious to fluids as possible. Stone pavements should therefore be closely joined, and round boulders should never be used.

The grand point in drainage is to have no stagnation. Wherever there is filth it should be kept moving toward its destination by the flow of water.

Commonly the outlets of sewerage are at the river or the sea. This is objectionable on several accounts. In the first place it is a great loss. It has been estimated that the London sewers empty into the Thames fertilizing materials of the annual value of 443,879 pounds sterling. Here is not only a dead loss, these materials being of no use in the river or the sea, but often more or less of injury comes from them. It certainly comes if the water of a river thus polluted is used for drinking and cooking purposes. But even when this is not done, injurious emanations will arise if there be stagnation. This is seen in the foul odors that come from the canals in Venice when the tide is out, and the water is of course low in them. These come, however, not merely from the stagnation of the water, but also from the adherence of the filth to the sides of the canals, which when exposed to the air by the subsidence of the water sends forth noxious gases. The same thing must occur wherever there are wharves and slips and basins. Here the water is much of the time partially stagnant, and the filth which comes to it from sewers and other sources must pollute the air by its emanations. The slips and basins may be said to be great cess-pools, and their sides as the tide falls present large surfaces of adherent filth to or decomposed by the action of the air and the sun, and thus load the atmosphere with impurities.

This accumulation of filth in stagnant water or adherent to exposed surfaces it is important as a measure of health to prevent. This may be done in some cases by making the water to wash away the filth from the outlets. It is more easy to effect this when the sewers empty their contents into a river than when they empty them into the sea.

But can not the evil be more fully avoided, and at the same time this large waste of the richest fertilizing material be prevented? This has been done to some extent and successfully. The Metropolitan Sewerage Manure Company of London have constructed works at Fulham, where they receive by a large main pipe the liquid manure from one of the great sewers of the city, and distribute it to the numerous market gardens situated to the west of it. And we learn that there is a plan now entered upon for building an extensive system of conduits which shall gather up and carry off the contents of all the sewers of London. The enterprise is an immense one, but it promises to be profitable, and it will certainly be of vast benefit to the city in relation to its general health. How far this plan can be put in operation in other localities remains to be seen; but we can not see that the difficulties to be overcome can be generally greater than in the case of London. The subject is well worthy of earnest investigation.

Uncleanliness in persons, in dwellings, and in their surroundings, is one of the grand sources of disease, and water, abundant and freely circulating water, is one of the great means of removing uncleanliness. Indeed, the very presence of this means in abundance, with the appliances of its circulation, not only almost forces people to use it, but strongly suggests the use of the other means. It is hard, with the general disposition of mankind to filth, to make the mass of any population cleanly with a scanty supply of water; but with a full supply it is comparatively easy.

BRADY'S HISTORICAL PORTRAITS.

The engraving upon another page of the trustees of the Peabody Southern Fund is from the photograph made by Mr. Brady, which is the latest addition to his National Gallery of Historical Portraits. For twenty years, beginning at a time when Clay, Calhoun, Webster, John Quincy Adams, and Andrew Jackson were yet living, Mr. Brady has been diligently and incessantly collecting the portraits of all the men of mark of every kind in the country.

The war was oppressively rich in materials, but nothing was lost by the indefatigable collector; and to the portraits of the Generals and soldiers of all degrees he added the most extraordinary series of war-scenes in the world. The ruined cities still smoking; the terrible battle-fields still gory and palpitating; the trenches; the bridges; the camps; the scenery of military marches and all their incidents—all are contained in this unparalleled gallery.

Many of the most illustrious of the originals of these portraits are gone, and every year obliterates the traces of the war-scenery which these pictures have perfectly preserved. Ought such a collection to be exposed to the chances of destruction and dispersion? Ought not our Historical Society, or some Historical Society, to secure for itself and for the country a gallery of such profound and unique interest, which, once scattered, is practically lost forever?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

The closing week of the first session of the Fortieth Congress proved to be very uninteresting.

On March 26 Mr. Butler, of Massachusetts, in a personal altercation with Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, asserted that the latter had, as Judge Advocate of the court which tried the assassins of President Lincoln, suppressed important testimony contained in the diary of Wilkes Booth, and which, it was intimated, would have proved the innocence of Mrs. Surratt.

The House, on March 27, declared, by a vote of 68 to 38, that Henry A. Smythe ought to be removed from his position as Collector of the port of New York.

Both Houses of Congress adjourned on Saturday, March 31, to meet on the first Wednesday in July.

The President immediately convened the Senate for executive business.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The Constitutional Convention bill was adopted in both Houses on March 27. The Negro Suffrage clause was omitted. The bill provides for the election of four delegates from each Senatorial district and thirty-two delegates at large, being sixteen from each party. The election is to take place on April 23.

NEWS ITEMS.

The election in Connecticut on April 1, resulted in a Democratic victory. The following are the State officers for the ensuing year: Governor, James E. English; Lieutenant-Governor, Ephraim H. Hyde; Secretary of State, Leverett E. Pease; Treasurer, Edward S. Moseley; Controller, Jesse Olney. The Democrats succeeded in electing three out of the four Congressmen. Phineas T. Barnum was among the defeated.

Reconstruction meetings, in which the whites out-Herod Herod in endeavoring to affiliate with the negroes, have been the order of the past week at the South. The call for a meeting which was held at Montgomery, Alabama, on March 26, declared that "the requirements of the Military Reconstruction bill ought to be complied with," and that "all men have a cordial welcome to political equality upon the basis" established by Congress. The resolutions repeated these declarations, and eulogized the conduct of the negroes, who were declared entitled to political equality. On the same day a mass meeting was held at Charleston, South Carolina, at which four thousand blacks and whites were present, and at which four white orators (a New York *Tribune* editor among them) and several negroes spoke. The blacks held a meeting at Macon, Georgia, on March 27, in which they indorsed the views lately announced by Governor Brown, of that State. A Convention of whites and blacks, convened at Raleigh, North Carolina, on March 26, and adjourned on March 28, after declaring that they cordially accept the Congressional plan of reconstruction, declare supreme allegiance due to the Federal Government and not the States, favor impartial suffrage without property qualification or distinction of color, and demand free speech. A mass meeting of the same character as the above was also held at Savannah, Georgia, on April 1.

A treaty negotiated at Washington on March 29 between the Secretary of State and the Russian Embassador conveys to the United States, in consideration of the sum of $7,000,000, all the Russian possessions on this continent, and known as Russian America. The purchased territory covers upward of 400,000 square miles, and contains 100,000 inhabitants, one-half of whom are Esquimaux. The treaty will have to be ratified by the Senate, and both Houses of Congress must concur in appropriating the purchase money before the negotiation can be considered as binding.

Mr. Leonard W. Jerome testified on March 26 before the Investigating Committee that he had lost $800,000 in Pacific Mail and other stocks during the month of February.

A confidence man named Martin, who had for nine years deceived the merchants of the city by soliciting subscriptions for destitute members of the Insurance Patrol, was detected on March 26. He had collected during the time $10,000, which he had expended in lottery-gambling.

General Sheridan, on March 27, issued an order removing A. S. Herron, Attorney-General of Lousiana, John T. Monroe, Mayor of New Orleans, and Edmund Abell, Judge of the First District Court of New Orleans, and appointing B. L. Lynch, Edward Heath, and W. W. Howe, respectively, in their places. The latter were sworn in on March 28.

The Lindell House, in St. Louis, supposed to be the largest hotel in America, and perhaps in the world, was totally destroyed by fire on Saturday night. There were over four hundred guests in the house, but no lives were lost. The loss amounts to $1,600,000; only partly insured.

The late Henry W. T. Mall, for many years Consul-General of Belgium at New York, left by his will the sum of $1000 as the nucleus of a fund for erecting a monument to John Brown.

Rev. Dr. Sears has resigned the Presidency of the Brown University to accept, it is understood, the general agency of the Peabody Southern Educational movement.

The work on the Russio-American telegraph has been abandoned.

The rebel General Smith P. Bankhead of Tennessee was murdered in Memphis on March 30.

The steamer *Alabama*, with a cargo of 1200 bales of cotton, was burned near New Orleans on April 1.

A new railroad-constructing machine, which levels the road-bed, lays the cross-ties, deposits the rails and nails them in their places, and with which twenty men do the work of two hundred, has been put in successful operation at San Francisco!

Another terrible Indian massacre took place at Fort Buford on the upper Missouri River during the month of March. Colonel Rankin, wife, and child, and the whole garrison of eighty souls, were slaughtered. Colonel Rankin shot his wife to prevent her falling into the hands of the savages. Before the capture of the Fort the garrison succeeded in killing three hundred and wounding one thousand of the enemy.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The speck of war between France and Prussia, "no bigger than a man's hand," which was noticed in our last issue, has rapidly grown into formidable dimensions. The proposition said to have come from Napoleon for an alliance of Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland with France, in antagonism to Prussia and Italy, has not resulted in any treaty, but has produced some significant demonstrations and declarations. One of the latter, published in an official paper of the Russian Government, intimates that the Czar is disposed, if occasion offers, to act in conjunction with Prussia against France. Napoleon had negotiated for the purchase of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg from Holland, and it was announced on March 31 that the negotiations were likely to result in the cession of that province to France. This is an important step toward the long-coveted Rhine, but it does not fully secure that desirable frontier to France. On March 30, after the announcement that these negotiations were in progress, placards, hostile in tone to Prussia and declaring for an alliance with France, were posted in the streets of Luxembourg. The Prussian commander in the fortress considered these demonstrations as insulting to Prussia, and complained to the authorities. No reply was vouchsafed; but the action of the citizens created great excitement in both France and Germany.

The new Constitution of Germany was adopted on March 27, after very mature deliberation, nearly in the form in which it was originally submitted by Bismarck. On March 4 Count Bismarck, in alluding to the Constitution, spoke of it as securing the firm unity of Germany without infringing upon the prerogatives of the several provinces; and as repairing the errors of the past "six centuries of suffering."

Reports to March 27 from London represent that there had been no fighting in Candia between the Turks and Christians during February and March. About the same date Greece asked the leading powers of Europe to interfere in behalf of Candia.

Governor Eyre, of Jamaica notoriety, has been acquitted of the charges against him.

The Paris Universal Exposition was formerly inaugurated on April 1. The building is as yet unfinished, but is being rapidly advanced toward completion. The Emperor and Empress opened the building with not very imposing but interesting ceremonies, walking through the building, the former speaking a few words to each commission. At the American Department he stopped and bowed to the crowd, who cheered heartily. The American Department was in a very unfinished state, and the republic is said to be very poorly represented, both in the excellence of the contributions and numbers of people. The building will really not be finished until May.

Dates from Rio Janeiro to March 15 represent that an American man-of-war had ascended the Paraguay River to General Lopez's camp at Fort Humaity, bearing peace propositions from the allied powers of Brazil, Uruguay, and the Argentine Confederation.

A revolution broke out in Port au Prince, Hayti, about March 10. The revolutionists were headed by Prospere Elie and son. One story represents them as unsuccessful, and as having been captured and killed. Another states that Geffrard, the President of the Republic, had been compelled to fly to Jamaica for safety.

William M. Evarts. George A. Riggs. William A. Graham. Charles Macalister. John H. Clifford. David G. Farragut. George N. Eaton. George Peabody. Hamilton Fish. Ulysses S. Grant. William Aiken. Robert C. Winthrop. George P. Russell. Charles P. M'Ilvaine. William C. Rives. Samuel Wetmore.

Mr. GEORGE PEABODY AND THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE PEABODY EDUCATIONAL FUND.—From Photographs by Brady & Co.—[See Page 238.]

SUNDAY EVENING in the "GOOD OLD TIMES".

SUNDAY EVENING in the "GOOD NEW TIMES".

PEACEFUL SABBATHS IN THE METROPOLIS.

The picture which we give on page 229 is not the least powerful argument which has been advanced in favor of the Excise law and of temperance. It tells its own story, and any attempt at pointing its moral in words would only weaken the effect of the engraving. No matter how little good the Excise law may have otherwise produced, certain it is that it brings such peaceful Sabbaths as New York has seldom before enjoyed; and that happy result is enough to justify its strict enforcement in the metropolis, and its application, as the Legislature proposes, to all parts of the State.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

A jolly sort of a fellow am I,
A trifle fond of a spree;
Yet not so bad after all that's said,
For they tell hard tales of me;
But people, you know, will have their say;
And the world rolls on in the same old way.

Little it matters if good or bad,
I've many a friend, I know;
And never was man or woman yet
Who could not count a foe;
Then mine may talk till their throats get dry,
So they keep their hands off what care I?

Come sit you down here along with me,
There's nothing like a glass,
And a jolly fellow for company
To make the dull hours pass;
So drive all care from your thoughts away,
Why need you heed what the dunces say.

With a kindly sparkle I light the eye,
And I flush the pallid cheek;
And with sudden flashes of wit I make
The ready tongue to speak;
And in course of years I give to the nose
Just a trifling shade of the red, red rose.

In the rich man's palace, where gilded wealth
Its air of splendor lends,
Hobnobbing there I am often seen
With the master and his friends;
While my titled cousins from over the sea
Are set aside out of choice for me.

I'll tell you a joke that happened last night,
How all in the storm and dark,
While crossing a bridge with a tipsy friend,
By way of a little lark,
I tumbled him in when no help was nigh,
And the man was drowned or the papers lie.

Meeting another, a savage brute,
I put it into his head
To beat his wife after reaching home,
While she lay sick in bed;
And the woman's shrieks, as they rent the air,
Would have frozen your blood had you been there.

Here's a hopeful youth, a crony of mine,
A widow's only son,
Who had chances plenty and friends enough,
But he lost them every one,
And for no better reason, Sir, than that he
Was seen too often along with me.

Silly prejudice, so say I,
But it matters not a straw,
Only a lot of blockheads framed
A stupid excise law,
Shutting me up after twelve at night
And all day Sunday till dawn's pale light.

But forth from hovels where squalor reigns,
On the last of every week,
Come half-starved wretches, women and men,
My well-known haunts to seek;
And in greedy clutches they bear me away,
And house me over the Sabbath day.

So you see I'm a favorite with rich and poor,
Though I've many a bitter foe,
And wicked stories are told of me,
But people will talk, you know;
Then let them, I say, till their throats get dry,
So they keep their hands off what care I?

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

"Going up to-night, Frank?"

How quickly a man discovers the friendly outlines of a familiar face, even amidst the confusion and tumult of a crowded railway dépôt! I had fancied myself unrecognized, as I leaned against the arched brick doorway nearly shrouded in shadow, watching the hurried, anxious faces that came and went, under the flickering gas-lights; yet here was Carew's hand on my shoulder, and Carew's genial countenance looking into mine. We had been close friends and allies two years ago, when he had been conductor and I was engineer on the same train. Tempted by a more liberal offer, I had left my post on the "Lady Franklin" and undertaken the supervision of a large machine-shop; yet I still retained a pleasant recollection of my railway days, and to-night, as I stood on the old familiar ground, with the well-known sights and sounds around me, and the "Lady" gliding out of her place of shelter with burnished sides and flaming headlight, I almost wished myself back again in my old post.

"Yes, I thought I should. How's the old Lady? Holds her own pretty well?"

"Better than the new ones a deal!" said the Conductor, enthusiastically viewing the fiery-throated monster as she puffed and groaned, ran backward a few steps, and then darted forward, in a manner entirely enigmatical to any but our initiated selves.

"She looks as trim as a city belle."

"Yes; MacLeod keeps her well up. I say, Frank, MacLeod's wife is going through to-night."

I knew he was looking closely at me, scrutinizing my countenance; but I managed with an effort to say, quite carelessly and unconcernedly: "Is she?"

Carew had known all about the one disastrous love-affair of my youth; he knew perfectly well that pretty Isabel Martin had suddenly turned round and married John MacLeod after encouraging my suit for nearly a year; and he knew also how sensitive I still was on the subject. I had not blamed Isabel so much as some might have been disposed to do; she was very young, and entirely under the influence of her father, with whom MacLeod was a great favorite. But none the less I had received a great and enduring shock.

"Poor little Isabel," said Carew, as he reached up to turn down a long jet of gas that threatened to crack its glass globe—"I rather think she has got pretty well sick of MacLeod by this time."

"Why? Does he ill-treat her?"

"Well, I don't suppose he either locks her up on bread-and-water, or beats her; but I *do* suppose that in every other particular in which a man can neglect or ill-treat a woman she is neglected and ill-treated."

"The old brute!" I muttered, between my teeth.

"Well—I shall see you again," said Carew, vanishing into the crowd with a sinuous ease and swiftness peculiar, I believe, to the race of conductors.

It was a tempestuous night in March — the wind howling and shrieking like an infuriated demon, and the rain beating a stormy fugue on the dépôt-roof, as I advanced to help a woman in who carried a heavy basket.

"Excuse me, Madam, but that is too heavy for you to lift!"

She looked up to thank me, but the words died on her lips as her eyes met mine. It was Isabel MacLeod, the lost love whom I still cherished in my heart of hearts, and the wife of the engineer on the Night Express. I was the first to recover my composure; for this, be it remembered, was the first time we had met since her marriage, more than three years before.

"Here is a vacant seat, Isabel: do you wish to sit so near the stove?"

"It makes no difference," said Isabel, hurriedly. "I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Atwater."

"How does it happen that you are going through such a stormy night?" I asked, unmindful of her evident anxiety to be left alone.

"I do not know myself, except that John wishes it."

Still I lingered. Is there any thing more I can do for you, Isabel?"

There was no answer. I stooped my head a little lower.

"Isabel, you are crying! What has grieved you? Isabel, tell me what the trouble is?"

"Nothing—nothing," she sobbed behind her veil. "Only—I had not seen you in so long a time, and it was like the old days once more; and—and I am very foolish. Please leave me now, won't you?"

I obeyed her, puzzled and indignant. Carew was right. A happy wife does not burst out crying when she meets the friends of her girlhood; a happy wife's look is far, far different from that pale, frightened face. I felt strongly inclined to go straight out to John MacLeod's post on the "Lady Franklin" and administer a summary thrashing then and there!

But I checked my rising choler, and contented myself instead with a leisurely saunter through the train, now under full motion. It was very pleasant to find myself once again on the old familiar ground. The brakemen all had a word of respectful greeting for me, the baggage-master insisted on ensconcing me in the single arm-chair which graced his car, while he himself sat on a pile of trunks and asked more questions than I could have answered in a week; the Express Agent issued from his den and demanded to know "where I had been larking all this time," and even the news-boys grinned as they slid past and accosted me with "How d'ye do, Mr. Atwater?"

But all at once our train slackened its motion, moved more slowly still, and came to a dead stand-still. I knew we were an Express that stopped but twice before we reached our final destination, and this lonely pine-barren was certainly neither of our stopping-places.

"What is it, Carew?" I asked, swinging myself on to the ground where the conductor stood with his lantern in hand looking under a car.

"Only a journal box heated. Confound that Warren! what made him report "all sound" with such a worn box as that? These patent boxes are continually getting hot in the shortest runs, and ain't fit for Expresses at all."

"We can cool it in fifteen minutes, Sir," said one of the brakemen, who had his tow and water all ready for packing it anew.

"Fifteen minutes! and we just running on time with the Lightning to catch us at B——."

"It's too bad to get in behind the Lightning train," I said.

"Worse for me than MacLeod, for though Warren's to blame, I catch the curses. Well, Truefit, do the best you can!"

In spite of Truefit's sanguine prophecy it was full twenty-five minutes before we were again under way. I had gone back to Isabel MacLeod, whose dilated blue eyes were glancing from one to another in the apprehensive agony of terror that no one but a nervous woman can fully appreciate.

"Frank—Mr. Atwater! do tell me what is the matter!"

"Only a 'hot box'—there is no occasion for uneasiness."

"Upon your sacred honor?"

"Upon my sacred honor. Why, Isabel, how frightened you are! I can see you tremble even here. What is the matter, child?"

"Sit down and I will tell you," she said, hurriedly, motioning me toward a vacant seat directly back of her. "I know it is a piece of mad folly—a—a delusion; but I *must* tell somebody or I shall go mad!"

I sat down leaning forward with my elbows on the top of the seat she occupied, so that my face nearly touched her heavy black veil.

"First, promise never to tell *him*—John."

"I promise."

"Well, then," she went on, speaking in a husky, nervous whisper, "*he* is very peculiar—full of the strangest fancies. When I first married him I thought it was superstition merely—now—"

She paused.

"Well, now?" I questioned.

"Now, I do not know what to think. Oh, Mr. Atwater, I ought not to say so, I know, but I am the most miserable creature in the world!"

"Isabel!"

"I am! He threatens sometimes to shut me up in a mad-house, and perhaps I should be happier there than subject to his whims and cruelties. Why do you suppose he brought me here to-night?"

"I am sure I do not know."

"He told me," she whispered, clasping her hands tightly together as she spoke, "that we were coming to our death to-night, and we must come together! Oh, Frank, what do you suppose he means?"

"Only to terrify you," I said, soothingly. "He is a bundle of old Scotch superstitions, and always was."

"And, Frank, once when I thought I heard footsteps close behind us, and turned my head to see, he jerked my arm and told me not to look—that—oh, Frank, it makes my blood run cold now—that it was Death walking at our side!"

"But, Isabel, surely you will not allow yourself to be influenced by such folly as this."

"I told you it was folly," she answered, dejectedly; "but—"

A hand was laid on my arm at this moment—the hand of Carew, the conductor.

"Frank, look here, I want to speak to you," he said, hurriedly. "Come here—out on the platform."

I followed him out into the stormy darkness of the March night, where his lantern gleamed like a sullen, shifting eye.

"What is it? Any thing wrong?"

"Yes, and no. Of course you know we're nearly half an hour behind time, with not quite thirty minutes between us and the 'Lightning.'"

"Yes. What of it?"

"Well, that old fool MacLeod has turned crusty, and says if we don't run out on the side track at Speedsville, the next station, and wait for the 'Lightning' to pass, he'll not be answerable for the consequences."

"Who wants him to be answerable?" I demanded, with considerable acerbity, not to say disdain.

"Well, he says it's a bad night, track slippery, and all that sort of thing; and I suppose it's all very true. But you know the 'Lady Franklin' of old. She'll keep the thirty minutes between us and the 'Lightning,' won't she?"

"I should say there was no kind of doubt as to that. Ain't you going to make up that lost time?"

"That's just the trouble. That crack-brained old Scotch fool wants to stop and lose another half hour which we may just as well gain, and run into B—— on time, as to come trailing along behind the 'Lightning.' But MacLeod refuses to run her unless I consent to his conditions. Frank, why can't *you* take the old 'Lady' into B——?"

"I'll do it with all the pleasure in life."

Carew's face brightened at once.

"What a lucky thing it is you chanced to be on the train!" he said. "I should have been entirely at Mac's mercy if it hadn't been for you. Come on; there's no time to be lost."

I followed him through the long train to the engine, and entered the little inclosed compartment where MacLeod sat among his screws and valves and dials, like some magician of old surrounded by the abstruse implements of his art. How like home this tiny place appeared to me! It seemed almost as if the "Lady Franklin" shot more swiftly over the track as I stepped upon her. MacLeod inclined his head stiffly in answer to my greeting. He was a tall, spare Scotchman, with deep-set blue eyes thatched with shaggy brows, and hair already thickly sprinkled with gray, though he could scarcely have been more than forty years old. His face was cold and repulsive, and his manner forbidding in the extremest degree. Moreover, he had a way, exceedingly unpleasant to the spectator, of continually looking over his shoulder with a sort of spasmodic motion, as if he had suddenly seen or heard something close behind him. As I threw myself down beside him he suddenly pointed to the place beyond.

"Sit *there*, if you please, Mr. Atwater."

I wondered, but complied, and Carew spoke pleasantly.

"Well, MacLeod, shall we put on steam and drive her ahead?"

"No, Mr. Carew," said the Scotchman, coldly and firmly. "Either we run out on the side track three miles ahead, as I have explained, or I leave the engine."

"But why are you so determined?" I asked.

"I don't conceive it my business to answer any of *your* questions, Francis Atwater," said MacLeod, "but I have no objection to gratify your curiosity. I am 'so determined' because I see farther than you or Mr. Carew here, and I see danger—danger!"

"How? and where?"

"You a practical engineer, and ask where is the danger on such a night as this, with the 'Lightning Express' close behind, and we twenty-five minutes after our time? Boy, do you know that we are responsible not only for Atwater and Carew and John MacLeod, but for all the passengers on this train? Do you want the sin of murder on your soul?"

He spoke in a sharp voice that was almost a scream.

"That is not the question," said Carew, "and all nonsense besides. Isn't the light hung out behind, and can't you tell when we are gaining or losing time? Once for all, will you or will you not do your best to gain time and keep ahead of the 'Lightning?'"

"No; I will *not!*" he answered, sullenly.

"Very well, here is a substitute that will. Make room for Mr. Atwater!"

"He can do as he pleases," said MacLeod, stiffly, rising to yield me his place. "I wash my hands of the whole thing, now and hereafter. Bear witness, Carew and Atwater, that I protest against this rash and fool-hardy thing!"

Not a word more did he utter, but sat down silent and rigid as a galvanized corpse, watching me with his deep-set eyes until the very consciousness of that steady surveillance made me uncomfortable. Uncomfortable, but not nervous. I never, in the whole course of my life, was more entirely in possession of all my faculties, or more composed than at that moment, as I mechanically examined screws and valves and satisfied myself as to the correctness of every detail. All was right; MacLeod was a good engineer if not an agreeable companion.

"Now then, my 'Lady,'" I said to myself, "we'll see if you keep up all your old pluck!"

I turned to give some directions to the firemen, and when I was about to sit down MacLeod seized my arm.

"Not there! I tell you not there!"

"And why not there?" I demanded, with a momentary fear crossing my mind that the man was deranged.

"Because another already occupies the place," he cried in the shrill, shrieking voice he often used when much excited. "Death is a passenger on this train with us, and Death sits there ghastly and still! No, I know you don't see him; but second sight is a gift in the family I come from, and *I* see him. I would have warded off his fell errand, but you—you and that cursed Carew wouldn't let me. Now go your own mad, reckless way, and see where it will bring you. And remember, Frank Atwater, that it's not your own worthless life that hangs in the balance but the lives of all who travel on this train."

Argument with a man in this excited frame of mind would have been but folly. I sat down without a word, smiling in spite of myself, and resumed my intent supervision of the engine while MacLeod sat silently by with folded arms.

Never did the "Lady Franklin" show finer mettle than on that night. The machinery was perfect, the cranks well oiled, the heat steady and intense. The fireman worked in concert with me, fully comprehending my intentions, and the "Lady" rushed over the rails like a living, breathing thing.

"How are you getting along, Frank?" asked Carew, coming forward with his lantern as we left our first stopping-place.

"Oh, splendidly!" I answered.

"I have just telegraphed back to Seldtown; we have gained five minutes on the 'Lightning' already."

"I thought we were gaining," I replied, quietly. But I was very much excited. The idea of pressing this magnificent piece of machinery to her utmost speed; of eluding the lightning pursuit of the express which followed—pursued us; of identifying my own nerves and sinews with the iron and steel of the "Lady Franklin," was exciting in itself, nor had MacLeod's wild talk been entirely without effect on me. I was not superstitious; but we all know the mesmeric effect which the strong belief of another person, however ill-founded that belief may be, invariably exerts upon the mind. That MacLeod firmly believed that he and I were not alone in this little glazed compartment I entertained no doubt; and his horror reacted upon me, baseless though I knew it to be.

"I wish we were at B——," I thought, leaning my elbows on the wood-work and gazing out into the stormy night, athwart which our huge headlight threw a streaming banner of lurid light as it rushed along. At that instant my shoulder was touched.

"Atwater," said MacLeod, in a husky, unnatural voice, "if you have any prayers to say, say them now. Death is very, very near to you!"

A cold chill ran through me.

"I am always prepared to meet death," I answered, trying to speak composedly.

"Death? yes, but not death by suicide. *You* will be a suicide, Francis Atwater; nor do I wish longer to interfere. The hour of grace is past."

"Oh! MacLeod, don't talk nonsense. Go back in the baggage car and sleep the liquor off."

"Liquor? You think I'm drunk. You think I'm mad. You take me to be superstitious. I heard you—I heard you talking to her. You'd best keep clear of her, young man. You see this, eh?" and he drew a huge knife from his bosom.

"Yes, I see it," I answered, laying my hand on the brake, as if I could use it for defense.

"With this I could have silenced you long ago, and saved the victims you are sacrificing. But I prefer not. What is to be is to be; as well might I endeavor to stem the current of the Mississippi with a straw as to check the tide of Fate with my feeble hand! Only I would warn you to say a word or two of prayer before the fatal moment comes."

My heart seemed to stand still with deadly terror. Was I indeed shut up in this narrow spot with a maniac? Would I be murdered before I could call for help? But I remembered that in coolness and presence of mind lay my only chance of safety, and resolved to abide the result. We were now putting on brakes for our second and last stopping-place ere we reached B——. MacLeod sprang out upon the platform as we stopped, and went into a bar-room adjoining the station. I went back and spoke to one of the brakemen,

an athletic Maine man, with thews and sinews of iron, and the stature of a giant.

"Jim," I said, in a low voice—his name was Jim Torrance—"I want you to keep your eye on MacLeod and come on the locomotive with me. He talks and acts very strangely to-night; and he may attempt some violence."

"I saw him draw out that outlandish knife o' his, Sir, a minute or two ago," said Jim, shrewdly. "I could easily jerk it away from him when we're movin' again."

"No, I do not wish you to use force of any kind unless it is absolutely necessary. I think he is harmless, but it's just as well to keep a little watch over him."

"He's queer," said Jim. "I'll keep an eye on him."

Once more after a ten-minutes' stop the little signal-bell sounded "Go ahead!" the brakes moved noisily, and the wheels began to revolve. MacLeod had not returned to his place by my side, and I began heartily to hope that he designed to favor me with no more of his society. I was overjoyed to feel this, and in much lighter spirits than usual I let on the steam and was soon going at a rapid rate. Three or four hundred yards from the dépôt the road ran through a deep cut, and just beyond it was a corresponding "fill" or embankment about ten feet high. The engineers, that is the "surveyors" as we mechanical engineers insist, half-sneeringly, in calling them, had with very bad taste made a "compound curve" here, so that before entering the "cut" I could see nothing *in* it, and when I was in the "cut" I could see nothing beyond it. So, of course, we had to go through with whistle blowing and usually at a slow gait. But feeling in good spirits at MacLeod's absence, the prospect of a good run, having the "Lady" in fine condition, with the trains we were to meet reported "all right" and the track clear, I "let the dogs loose," opened valves, dashed through the cut, and—

Very, very nearly into eternity! Danger is said to be very fascinating; it is particularly so when you see it coming, have time to reflect upon it, and plan and execute a rescue or what you hope to prove so. I saw it plainly this night, the rail half removed, the figure of the madman still bent at his hellish work. I saw him as he completed it, saw him shake his fist savagely at me and jump aside to watch the slaughter he had plotted. I was not a second in sounding "down brakes," not an instant in reversing the engine, but nothing could have saved that train except the madman's "lack of method," or want of the skill of the despised surveyors. For want of this knowledge, perhaps for want of time, MacLeod had removed but one rail, and that the *inside one of the curve.* I knew if I could check the "Lady's" speed she would not leave the track, as the outside rail is the one which guides the train on a curve, and this was impact. Jim Torrance had come on the locomotive with me, and I turned to tell him to jump for his life when I saw him standing upright in the centre of the tender, grasping a huge block of wood and his eyes gleaming like coals. It was no time to look after his safety; I saw him hurl the stick of wood at MacLeod as he ran down the embankment, and the next minute we struck the ground, and plunged into the break.

My calculations had been correct. Jolting violently over several cross-ties, shattering "cow-catcher" and "headlight," mashing the baggage and first passenger car; throwing Jim Torrance with great violence from the tender onto the locomotive, leaving him senseless by the shock, and nearly throwing me onto the boiler, the "Lady" struck and stopped without leaving the track except upon the side where MacLeod had removed the rail. We were disabled for the time, with nobody but Jim seriously injured.

Except MacLeod. Jim's aim had been too true, and the block of wood hurled with all his force, gaining additional velocity from that of the train, had struck MacLeod as he ran and felled him senseless—the fact is, as we soon found, dead. The billet had struck him and killed him. Jim Torrance was never tried for it on earth; poor fellow, he's gone since, and I don't much think they recorded any verdict against him in heaven.

After Jim was taken care of, the lanterns put out ahead and behind us to warn approaching trains, and the disabled train was gone through to see after the wounded, John MacLeod's corpse was taken up and carried back to the station which he had just left.

"Frank," said Carew, when matters were slightly settled again, "who is to tell this story to Mac's wife?"

"She does not suspect any thing—that is, she don't know *how* it occurred."

"She knows there has been an accident, but she doesn't know that Mac was thrown out of the locomotive and is the only one killed."

Good! Even Carew did not suspect how MacLeod had been felled by Torrance's blow and killed.

"*I* will tell her," I said, determined that she should never know his crime, nor learn how he had been terribly and suddenly punished.

Her grief was terrible to witness. She lay on my shoulder and sobbed half the night away, but it was less from love of the man, who had always been cruel to her, than from her woman's nervousness. At the inquest next day, when she identified his body and told the story of his misanthropy and superstition to the jury, she was more collected, and surprised me by her calmness. The jury thought its course in the matter plain sailing—no suspicion of the man's crime arose; Torrance and myself were not examined; we kept our secret to ourselves, and the jury brought in its verdict of "Death by accident." They knew nothing of his chief incentive to the crime—the chief cause of his death—jealousy.

I have told the story of my midnight trip on the "Lady Franklin." Is it necessary to tell any more? Sudden transitions from death-scenes to marriage ceremonies are always as offensive in the telling as in the hearing; and therefore I think it useless as well as in bad taste to waste further words in saying that just one year and a half after the fatal accident I took Isabel home as my wife, and that ever since, by God's help, I've made her a happy wife, and repaired the wrongs of her youth by being a good and kind husband to her.

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

PHILADELPHIA, *April 2, 1867.*

DEAR WEEKLY,—I dropped in last evening (All-Fools'-Day) to see and hear something that was advertised as a "Harmonic Coronation," conducted by Mr. ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, Spiritualist. As I had never seen a "Coronation" I hoped to be greatly entertained, for I had read of them often in the European papers; but I found that ANDREW's and my ideas were quite different on the "coronation" question, as indeed they were on all other subjects brought forward by him at that time.

Owing, perhaps, to the rain, his audience was composed almost exclusively of men; and they were very wet. I might say, indeed, what is often said of public meetings, there was not a *dry eye* in the house, on account, no doubt, of the heavy wind that accompanied the rain, which rendered umbrellas unmanageable. They opened the "coronation" with singing a song, which was done by an audience of such seedy Spiritualists that I thought at the time they ought to have been put in "bond," as they looked so very like what the Government Inspector would call

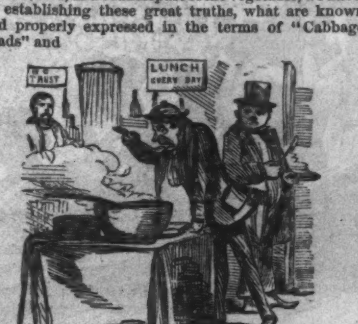
"SPIRITS UNTAXED."

The "Harmonic" philosopher delivered himself of his pent-up philosophy something as follows:

"Man is allied to all forms of life, to animal life, as that of a bird or a fish, and likewise to vegetable and floral life; hence the term of

'SHADS,'

applied to the men of your own city, and 'Suckers' to others; and, as a counterpart of the vegetable, we have, as establishing these great truths, what are known and properly expressed in the terms of "Cabbage heads" and



"DEAD BEATS."

[Great applause.] This inner or spiritual life of man is made up of the elements of love and wisdom—love fifty per cent., wisdom fifty per cent. [Note.—This percentage, I think, would not hold good as regards himself, for according to my analyzation I find him to be thus: Wind, twenty-five per cent.; instinct, twenty per cent.; wisdom, five per cent.; pomatum, ten per cent.; and hair, forty per cent. This I consider a very fair average for the speaker and his audience, perhaps as regards the audience we could take out the "pomatum" and put it on the "hair."] Continued the philosopher: Love is the centremost of this inmost life, and is divided into different classes, love of self and love of the species, which includes in these times love of the seven-thirties and the ten-forties, all of which mark a high standard of man, particularly if he possessed plenty of the latter lovely objects. [Applause.] The fundamental principle of the harmonic philosophy which Spiritualists have been proclaiming for years is now being developed in one form or another in everyday life; for instance, at your hotel, if you want to call up good *spirits* you "tip" the waiters instead of the tables [Cries of "joke!" and laughter]; and if you want to have the *raps* you attack the policeman when you are going home. [Renewed laughter.] Spiritualists have had all manner of contumely heaped upon them for proclaiming doctrines similar to those now being accepted by the world. Here one of the audience asked the speaker if he meant the New York *World.* Mr. Davis said he did not, though, when the editor of that paper retired, if his mantle would fall upon the questioner, he would be honored; the questioner said if it was a *Marble* mantle he didn't want it to fall upon him. [Great laughter among the reporters.]

The speaker now proceeded into a treatise upon the relations of mind and matter. I could not learn exactly what relations they were, but suppose matter was a blood relation of mind. He could not see, he said, how any man could be so hypocritical to all the instincts of humanity as to be a cheerful Christian. He believed the consistent place for a Christian was an insane asylum. All who are sincere evangelical Christians are to be found in such places. [Immense cheering by the insaners present, as if they looked forward to the time when they would be so situated.] Whether the speaker held up an insane asylum as a prize to his hearers I could not tell. How many of you, said the harmonical philosopher, are free from curious and fantastic dreams? How many of you, even when your digestion is good, have dreams like those of angels? As no one seemed to know how many present were in the habit of having pleasant dreams, or what kind of dreams and night-mares angels have, the speaker seemed to be master of the situation. The speaker thought it was no wonder that anxious mothers resorted to the application of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Sirup, or

"THE VIRGIN WHACKS OF AUNT TILLEY,"

for the crossness or peevishness of their children, particularly those born in the Orthodox faith, for they must be subject to horrible night-mares by night and day-mares by day. [Applause.]

The speaker at this point diverted his hearers by a statement concerning the age of the world we inhabit. The World, he said, is a mere boy, a little older than Mercury, but not near as old as Mars, and, on account of its extreme youth, was forced to depend upon its parent sun for light and heat and support. But why the "parent sun" don't, on the score of economy, give the World an allowance, and let it find its own "fire and lights," the speaker did not say; but he was quite confident the time would come when the World, like the New York Custom-House, would be self-supporting. [Applause.]

He now felt he must return to the churches. The only religious society to which he accorded the privileges of growth was

THE SHAKERS;

he thought they might live; all others must go under in the advancing flood of Spiritualism. The harmonical philosopher kept on this track until a late hour, when he finally switched off, to the great relief apparently of many, and certainly of

Your own C. O. W.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A RECENT letter from Richmond, Virginia, pathetically states: "It has rained and snowed here for the past three weeks without an hour's intermission." Not quite so bad as that with us. But there is absolutely nothing new to be said upon the subject of the weather. It remains *in statu quo,* and that *status* decidedly unpromising.

Chignons, on the contrary, are moving. Some have actually crawled to the very crown of the head, forming, in connection with their lodging place, *a tout ensemble* unlike any thing "in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth." The little ornament which goes under the name of "hat" or "bonnet" is, of course, worn on the forehead. Those who thought to frighten the fair wearers of waterfalls by fearful stories of "gregarines," are doomed to disappointment. They wholly underrated the strength of mind and endurance which American ladies possess. As somebody truthfully remarks: "Those who can brave the rigors of winter with only a wafer on their heads are not to be frightened by a creeping thing." Notwithstanding, there really appears to be some perceptible fluctuations in the mode of dressing hair, and it is not impossible that by the 1st of May *chignons* will all move away to small country places.

An Exchange, under the heading "How to commit Murder Quietly," has the following:

"Take a young lady, and tell her she has a very pretty foot. She will then wear small, thin shoes—go out in the wet—catch a cold—the cold will become a fever—and she will die in a month."

Now, that recipe is altogether behind the times—at least ten years. Ladies don't wear thin shoes out of doors nowadays. It is not the style. A fashionable lady would no more walk down Broadway in the paper-soled shoes of a dozen years ago than she would go without her *chignon.* Whatever uncouth monstrosities Fashion decrees for her head, it equally demands that thick-soled boots, with noisy little heels, should guard her feet. These heels are often quite too high for the best good of the feet; but, on the whole, thick boots for ladies is a fashion worth perpetuating. It is estimated that the health of American women has improved twenty-five per cent. since they commenced wearing thick shoes and warm underclothing.

Some other things besides paper-soled shoes are quite "behind the times," as the following incident, which comes to us from a reliable source, indicates: It appears that a young girl, about ten years old, resident of this city, has developed an unusual aptitude in musical matters, as well as in ordinary branches of education. She was destitute of means, but friends were found for her, and she was placed at the Van Norman Institute, where she received free instruction. Her musical talents indicated that she should have special training in that art: and to defray necessary expenses her friends tendered her a benefit at Steinway Hall one evening last week. But it happened that some one of the "friends" or managers of the concert gave a ticket of admission to a colored man, an employé at the Van Norman Institute. He presented his ticket at the door of the Hall, it was received, and he quietly took a seat in the upper gallery. But in a few moments one of the *attachés* of Steinway Hall came to him, and said that he must leave the building immediately. The order was peremptory, and the intruder was summarily banished. To say nothing in regard to the moral and legal aspects of this act the managers of Steinway Hall are by no means up to the times. The days when "*Colored people allowed in this car*" was a popular motto are forever past.

Complaints have been made in some of the newspapers in regard to certain portions of Second Avenue, where the sidewalks have been occupied for months for storing paving stones. A similar nuisance exists in many parts of the city to the serious inconvenience and annoyance of pedestrians. In the Eighth Avenue, for many blocks above Fortieth Street, locomotion on the sidewalk is a perpetual vexation. It is supposed by many that those huge piles of square stones indicate that *sometime* the street will be improved. But whether that event will take place Anno Domini 1867 or 1868 is a matter too uncertain for prophecy.

A legal gentleman of this city gives us this fact: Not long ago a certain Judge of one of the Police courts in this city was absolutely *supported* on his seat while he passed sentence upon a man who was then sober, but who had committed some misdemeanor while in a state of intoxication. The Judge was not in feeble health so that he required support. He was not faint. He was simply *drunk!* Comments are unnecessary.

It is stated that the rent-roll of Trinity Building is about $180,000 a year. This building was erected some fourteen years ago, at a cost not exceeding $200,000, and was then let for about $30,000 a year.

A singular instance of long-continued and systematic swindling has recently been developed. About nine years ago a man by the name of Martin commenced applying to our leading mercantile and other business men for money, as the agent of a charitable association for the aid of the sick and destitute members of the New York Insurance Patrol. The subscription paper which he presented stated that the bearer was duly authorized to obtain subscriptions toward the proposed funds. So successful was this effort that subscriptions were liberal, and the same individuals were applied to several times. After pursuing this business for years undisturbed it was discovered that Martin was an impostor. He was arrested; and his subscription paper, a document not less than one hundred feet long, and containing over two thousand names, indicated that he had collected the pretty little sum of $20,000 during his nine years' *agency.* None of the "funds," however, remained—all had been spent in purchasing lottery tickets and similar valuables. The really benevolent can easily find genuine objects and institutions where their money will do good. Those who are *carelessly* charitable may be sure that their gift is often worse than thrown away.

Most distressing accounts come to us of the suffering at the South from want of food. People in many places have no bread, and nothing to buy it with. It is stated that in a town in Georgia four children actually died from starvation during February. A gentleman living in Sumter district, South Carolina, says that letters to him from 366 persons state that many of them are living upon corn-husks, and others have but a bushel or two of corn, without the means of obtaining more. Our citizens have already contributed liberally for the purchase of supplies, and we are sure they will not withhold their gifts while the need is so manifest.

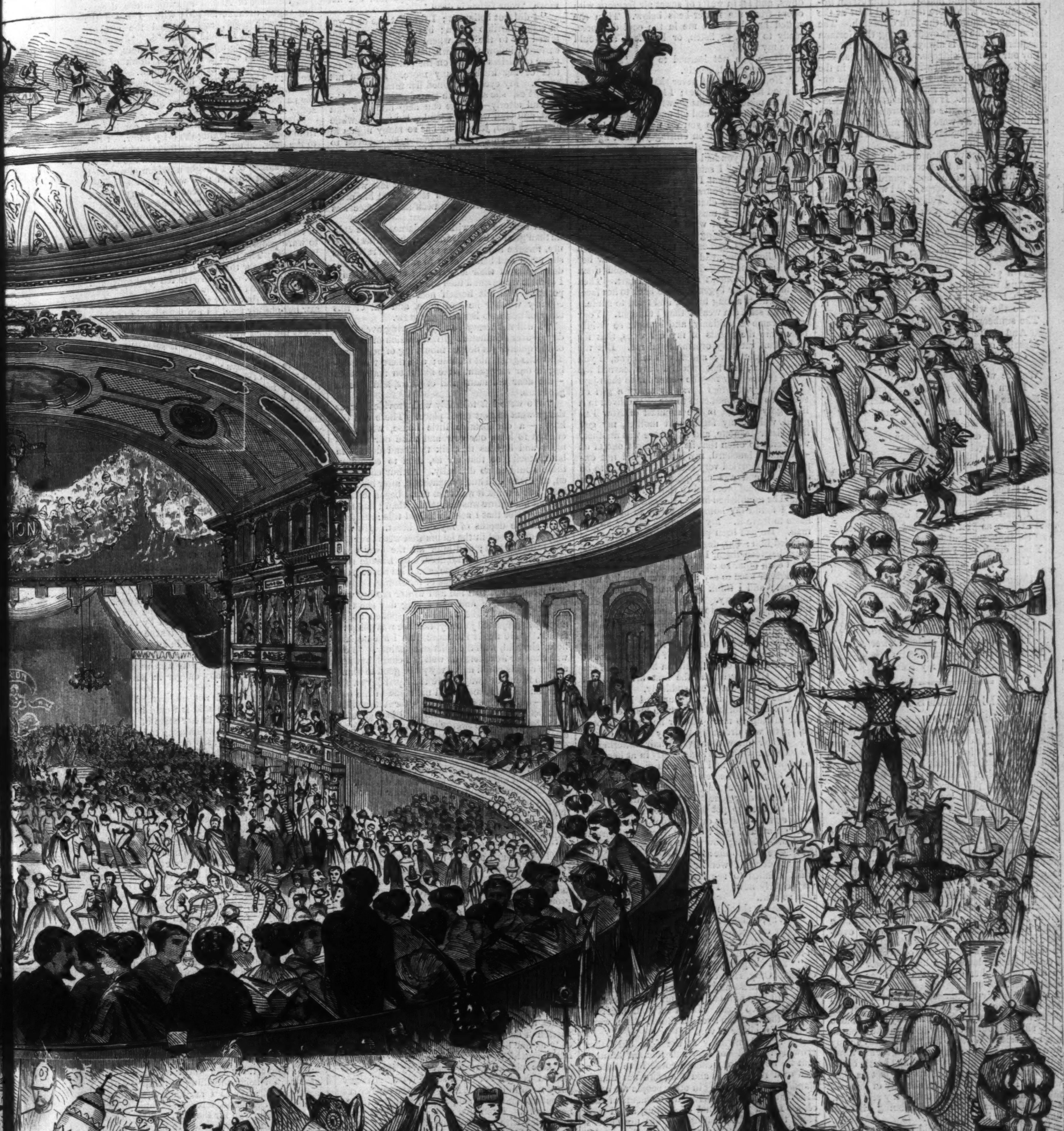
Novelties appear on every side. The latest in the culinary line is alphabetic soup. The appearance of these letters of paste, floating in the soup-plate, is said to be capital. Moreover it is stated that the inventor fondly hoped that, as letters are the elements of language, the consumption of a few thousands at dinner might materially aid the intellect as well as nourish the body.

A few rules for the preservation of personal beauty may be of interest to the ladies. Gentlemen can also read and practice the same with marked advantage. In the morning use an abundance of pure water. Abstain from all sudden gusts of passion, particularly envy, as that gives the skin a sallow paleness. Be temperate in eating and drinking if you would avoid those pimples for which the advertised washes are a cure. Instead of rouge use moderate exercise. Ingenuous candor and unaffected good-humor will give an agreeable openness to the countenance. A desire of pleasing will give brilliancy to the eyes; and breathing the morning air at sunrise will impart to the lips a vermilion hue. Vivacity may be happily heightened and preserved by avoiding late hours.

A clergyman of Bethnal Green—a parish in the suburbs of London, where the silk-trade is largely carried on—has made public many interesting as well as sad facts:

"A skillful workman, making costly velvets or rich silks, and laboring from twelve to sixteen hours a day, will only earn on an average about 12s. a week. Many do not earn above 7s. or 8s. To make a single inch of velvet the shuttle has to be thrown 180 times, 180 times the treadles have to be worked, 60 times the wire has to be inserted, 60 times to be withdrawn, 60 times the knife has to be guided along the whole breadth of the work, and 60 times the pressure of the chest has to be exerted on a heavy beam, which is used to compress the work. Six hundred distinct operations are thus required to make one single inch of velvet, the average payment for making which is 1*d.* Numerous 'children's trades' unhappily flourish in Bethnal Green. Among these trades the foremost, perhaps, is the manufacture of lucifer boxes. For this work the payment is 2½*d.* per gross, or thirty-two boxes for ½*d.*, out of which sum the little laborers have to find their own paste. The mother of a little girl four years old, who is employed in this manner, stated that the child had earned her own living since she was three years of age. This infant now makes several hundred boxes every day of her life, and her earnings suffice to pay the rent of the miserable room which the family inhabits. The poor little woman, as might be expected, is grave and sad beyond her years. She has none of a child's vivacity. She does not seem to know what play means. Her whole thoughts are centred in the eternal round of lucifer-box making, in which her whole life is passed. She has never been beyond the dingy street in which she was born. She has never so much as seen a tree, or a daisy, or a blade of grass."

GRAND MASQUERADE BALL OF THE ARION SOCIETY AT THE



...ADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK, March 27, 1867.—[See Page 234.]

THE ARION MASQUERADE.

The annual grand mask ball of the Arion Society came off with more than usual *éclat* at the Academy of Music on the 27th of March. The Arion ball is the great event among the German masqueraders, and is always numerously attended by our German citizens. The American element was largely mixed with the German in the company present on this occasion, and the unbending seemed more general than at any like festivity given here. It was an aristocratic, democratic, and automatic demonstration, in which all ranks of society were freely mingled, making one of the most singular congregations known to our municipal life.

A very attractive feature of the evening was the uniform of the floor committee, which was copied from that of the body-guard to the King of Prussia. A drum corps of old women caused intense merriment. Telegrams were received from distinguished people and sent to the guests at various periods.

DAISIES.

'Tis a pleasant April morning,
And under the budding trees,
With Herbert, I walk and listen
To the wild-birds' melodies.
The sunbeams glint through the branches,
And make on the dewy grass
Mosaics of gold and emerald,
O'er which we softly pass.

We are walking slowly, slowly,
Down through the orchard sweet;
Now he stoops to pluck some daisies
I've crushed beneath my feet.
As tenderly he lifts them
A shade on his face I see;
And I marvel at the shadow
When all looks bright to me.

"Oh! Elsie," he sadly whispers,
"I fear in the daisy-bloom,
Trampled beneath your footsteps,
I read my own heart's doom;
And e'en as you've crushed the daisies,
So innocent and sweet,
You'll crush my red heart-blossoms
Under your dainty feet!"

"Unjust," I cry, "oh, Herbert!"
As the burning tear-drops start,
And in another moment
I'm clasped to his noble heart.
We are walking slowly homeward,
Back through the orchard sweet,
Blessing the star-eyed flowers
I crushed beneath my feet.

MERCHIS DEANE'S TROUBLE.

Merchis Deane, with her quaint name and quiet ways, seemed to me from the first rather like some humble domestic herb than a gay flower of the garden. She was not handsome, but she had two good things about her—dark gray eyes full of expression, holding a curious light in their depths like the prophecy of dawning in a gray morning sky, and a low, soft, womanly voice, such as you would like to hear if you were sick or in trouble.

I *was* in trouble when she first came to me like a gentle sister of charity. No matter what the sorrow was. It brought some wrinkles, turned many hairs gray, and, though its worst bitterness is overpast, will shorten my life by some few years perhaps; but it was *my* trouble, and save that it drew me near to Merchis Deane has nothing to do with this story.

She had been boarding for a little while in the same house where I was—she the tired, over-burdened teacher of a country school, I at ease in worldly matters but wishing often enough that I could change places with her, as I saw her go in and out on her quiet ways with her always serene face.

I had scarcely exchanged five sentences with her before the dark days overtook me, and the dense black cloud curtained my sky from pole to pole, shutting out every ray. Then she came to me, as I said. When I hid myself away in my own room, neither caring nor hoping for any thing but death, knowing that the life and bustle of the house were going on without me just as they would if I were in my grave, she only of them all missed me, and sought me out in my still room, and soothed me by her unquestioning kindness until she grew into my heart.

When she first came I did not want her. I only bore with her presence because she was so unobtrusive, and it would seem ungrateful to send her away. After a while I grew used to her, and felt a vague sense of comfort when I saw her quiet figure seated near at hand, in the plain, smooth gown she always wore, with the plain smooth hair folded around her tranquil face. I got at last to miss her when she was absent, and to rejoice in her half holidays; and then I began to speculate about her experience in life, and found in these speculations a relief from the one subject round which my thoughts had been continually revolving. In particular I used to wonder whether she could ever have known real trouble herself—whether she could have brought that serene face out of any deep waters. If her own life had always been the smooth-flowing stream that face indicated, how had such gentle and generous thoughtfulness for others ever grown into her character? One long, still summer afternoon the knowledge came to me.

"I do not believe trouble is good for the soul," I said to her, in my hot impatience at the lesson my life was setting for me to learn. It was a Wednesday afternoon, her half holiday, and she had drawn down the latticed shades to my windows, and let in wafts of sweet air fragrant with odors from the flower-beds below. Then she seated herself beside me in the cool darkness, ready to talk, or listen, or be silent, as would serve my mood.

"Have you not learned to say, 'sister sorrow?'" she asked, gently.

"No, and I think I never shall. Sorrow may be good for some natures; I know it only brings forth in mine a noxious growth of weeds; envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness."

"That is because you do not take it by the handle. You insist on cutting yourself against its sharp edge."

"I fancy if you had tried it you would find all its edges sharp," I said, bitterly. "You would not go through what I have and bring out of it that calm face of yours."

The calm face changed, suddenly and indescribably, as if a mask had been removed. I saw in an instant of what depths of expression, what love and longing and despair it was capable. The eyes darkened, the lips trembled, a gray pallor overspread the features. I saw her clasp her hands together hard, and hold them firmly for a moment against her heart. Then the natural color began to come back to her face, and she drew a long breath, and tried to smile.

"You see I am weaker than I thought. Your words came so suddenly, and brought so vividly before me the ghosts of my old woes, that for an instant memory overmastered me. But the spasm is past now; and I will tell you, if you care to hear, in what school I have learned the lesson that sorrow may be better for us than joy.

"Seven years ago I was as merry a girl of twenty as you would care to see. We lived in a little gray cottage, in the sunniest of New England valleys, my father and mother, my gay little sister Jeanette, and I. There was another, who came so often that he was almost one of us—Arthur Blanchard, my lover. I did not expect to be married very soon. Arthur was to be a lawyer, and was not quite through with his studies. I had promised to wait for him until he should be established in his profession, and meantime I found my home too happy to be in any haste to leave it. My father was getting an old man. He had been past forty when my mother married him; but, despite the more than twenty years between them, I have never seen two who loved each other so entirely.

"Father used to say that he was drawing nigh his rest; and I think but for mother he would not have been sorry. Old people seem now and then to get so near to the unseen that its glory shines on their calm faces, its peace woos them, its brightness lures them onward. I think this was the case with him, only he had grown so used to mother that he felt as if he should not be quite sure of his own identity in heaven until she came. His death was the first break in our circle. It happened very suddenly.

"One evening after Arthur had been there father had sat for half an hour in his great arm-chair talking to me. Mother had gone to bed. Jeannette was dreaming the gay dreams of sixteen on her pillow, her golden hair fluttering on the summer wind that stole gently in at her open window. Father and I were all alone. I shall never forget the tender, tremulous touch of his hand upon my hair that night. I had a curious feeling of having gone back to the little girl days when he used to pet me so much before Jeannette came. I drew out my stool and sat down beside him, and held his long, slender fingers in my hands, feeling how good and dear he was. At last he said to me:

"'Merchis, I wonder where my eyes were when I failed to see some things which I see very clearly now. I wish you did not love Arthur so well.'

"A shiver shook me from head to foot.

"'Why, father,' I said, 'you consented freely to our engagement. I've heard you say dozens of times that he was the smartest young man in the county, and the most sure to rise.'

"'Yes, daughter, yes. He will rise, no doubt of that. Only, Heaven send he be not too smart. It is his hardness and selfishness I am afraid of. They will rasp and cut you some day if you hold on to him too tight. Don't set your heart on him so that you can't see his faults. That won't be good for either of you.'

"I smiled inwardly at the dear old father growing fanciful—so easy and tolerant himself that he never by any chance could have been a rich or a rising man, and therefore not understanding or quite liking in other people the qualities that held in themselves the elements of success. I was very proud of Arthur, and I was ready to trust him fearlessly. Yet my father's tender anxiety touched me none the less, and I know my eyes were wet when he put his hand on my head and gave me his blessing, as solemnly as some old Israelitish patriarch who called his children round him in the evening of his days to hear his last words. I did not dream then that those would be his last words for me. I went away to bed, and lay down beside Jeannette, wondering at the wonderful brightness of her beauty, transfigured into something seraphic by the moonlight which poured in at the window and flooded it. I remember thinking how fitted she was for joy and prosperity and the smooth things of this life, and rejoicing that as the wife of a man of distinction, such as I never doubted Arthur was to be, I could do so much for her. Then I went to sleep; and it seemed to me I had scarcely closed my eyes, though I knew afterward it had been several hours, when I heard a voice calling my name very softly.

"I looked up, and there in my door, in the gray dawning, with only her white night-clothes on, stood my mother, her face as pale as some spectre's who mocks the morning with a presence born of midnight.

"'Merchis,' she said, and her voice seemed to come like a spirit's from lips that did not move, 'your father is dead.'

"I did not believe it; I thought she or I was in some horrible dream; but I got up and followed her to the bed where he lay. From an eastern window the dawn looked in on him—a piece of stirless marble on the pillow, not my father or her husband any more. I could not speak. My eyes questioned her mutely.

"'Yes,' she said, with singular calmness, 'he is dead utterly—no one can help him now but God, and God was his friend. He woke a while ago, and said, just as he has so many nights in these long, long years whenever he chanced to wake, "Kiss me, wife," and I, half asleep, turned my face over to his, and he put his arms round my neck and kissed me. Then I suppose I drowsed a little, for I started up at last with an instinct of some unknown terror, and his arms had fallen away from my neck and his face was cold.'

"It touched me with a tenderness more subtle than grief to hear my mother, under this pressure, forsake the reticence of years, and reveal, as she never had before, even to me, the secret endearments of their long, loving companionship. I did not understand then the source of her composure. She felt herself near to the invisible country whither he had gone, and out of this sense of nearness her strength grew.

"I will not weary you by lingering over those days—over Jeannette's girlish passion of sorrow, or the quieter yet deeper mourning of her elders. This was grief, not trouble; and there was healing in our very pain. He had been ready to go—the dear old man—full of years, and ripe in goodness.

"We were left tolerably well provided for, as things went in that quiet place. There was the home—a comfortable little house, with land enough to keep our cow and raise our vegetables; and besides this, six thousand dollars in bank stock; so that for us, used to economy, there would be no difficulty. Arthur came often, and was kind and sympathetic, after his fashion; but I think it was then that I began to realize that his nature was less tender than I had fancied it. Not that I acknowledged this intuition, even in the depths of my own heart. He was busy—engrossed in the labors that were to make our future bright; and after all, the dear dead father was not of his kindred. So I made myself cheerful when he came, and tried not to have it seem to him like a house of mourning.

"All through that fall and winter mother was failing gradually; and one spring day she told me, as quietly as she would have spoken about any other projected journey, that she was going to father. 'He needs me more than I am needed here,' she said, with the quietest certainty. 'You will care for Jeannette as well as I could, but not all the angels could make my place good to him.'

"So she went away before the April days were over, and left Jeannette and me alone in the old home—quite alone in these days, for Arthur had just been admitted to the bar, and had gone to the shire town some twenty miles away to try and establish himself in business there. He did not even come to my mother's funeral; but then he was very busy; and he wrote me a letter full of beautiful words, in which he said that every day's delay would only put our marriage a day farther off; therefore *I* could not blame him for being miserly of time. I was determined to see only the best and noblest side of him; and I went on pouring out at his feet the incense of a blind worship.

"For the next twenty months we saw but little of him; but we heard frequent reports of his success. His shrewdness, his industry, his eloquence, were the favorite themes of his old friends and acquaintances; and if I grew vaingloriously proud as I listened, I think the chastisement which came afterward must have made me quits with destiny.

"Jeannette, meantime, was growing into superb womanhood. I wish you could have seen her at eighteen. She was of the pure Saxon type—those clear blue eyes, that fair, transparent skin with its swiftly changing color, that long golden hair; she might have sat for an ideal portrait of Editha, the swan-necked. She had begun to put off the severity of her mourning garments, as she had begun to outgrow the girlish passion of her grief, and to go again into such society as our little nest among the New England hills afforded.

"One night—I remember every incident so well—I dressed her for a sleigh-ride. A merry party were to cross the lake, skirt the base of the mountain, and take supper and a dance in the next town. I did not wish to go. Not only that grief with me was too fresh, but I never cared much for any merry-making in which Arthur bore no part. Still, I took pleasure in aiding Jeannette's preparations. Her black silk dress was exquisitely becoming to her blonde beauty. Her cheeks were pink with excitement, and her lips crimson. She sat in front of the glass while I fastened a spray of white chrysanthemums in her hair; and when I had finished she got up and kissed me, saying, gayly: 'I believe I *am* a pretty girl, Merchis; why do you never tell me so?' I scolded her a little, for propriety's sake; but I rejoiced in her glad young beauty as heartily as she did, and I know I would have laid down my life rather than any harm should have come to that golden head.

"A great sleigh that would hold fifteen stopped for her at the gate; and I watched her dance down the path, her hair glittering in the sunset light, her face, as she turned it back for a parting nod, full of smiles and blushes, and thought there would be no one else there so bonny or so bright. If I had known how she would come back to me!

"I did not expect her till nearly morning. I planned to go to bed early, but I sat there for a while after I had lit my lamp and had my supper, thinking of Arthur and the future, dreaming vague dreams, as girls will. I heard the clock strike eight, and counted the strokes. Then I thought I would go to bed. 'Jeannette will be having me up in the small hours,' I said to myself, and then I smiled to think of her, dancing, no doubt, at that moment. I could see just the airy grace of her motions, the proud little head, round which the golden hair glittered, the parted smiling lips. 'God bless her!' I said softly to myself.

"Just then I heard heavy steps coming up from the gate, crunching the crisp snow. I ran to the door. Four men were bringing something laid upon a litter. As the light from the opened door streamed out I caught a golden gleam, and I knew what burden they were fetching home. I tried to ask 'Is she dead?' but I suppose I shrieked the words, for some one said, authoritatively, 'You *must* be calm. She is not dead, but she is very near it. The horses took fright, in crossing the lake, at the fire that was kindled to warn people away from a hole where ice had been cut. The driver unwisely told his passengers to jump for their lives, and the whole fifteen started at once. Your sister fell backward and struck her head violently.'

"By this time they had brought her in and I saw her ghastly face. I am not meaning to give you a chapter of horrors, and I will not talk about the long weeks during which she wavered between life and death, and it seemed as if a breath would turn the scale. I began to understand in those days what trouble was as I hung in a passion of despairing, clinging love over her, the very last creature on earth who really belonged to me by the tie of kindred blood. It was spring again before she could sit up, and then I began vaguely to forbode the something worse than death whose shadow brooded over her. Not even the doctor had the courage to put this fear into distinct words, though he had remotely hinted at it. Arthur was the first one to approach it boldly in one of his infrequent visits. He began by speaking of his progress in his profession, and the probability that we could be married soon if only, as he added, I raised no obstacles.

"'Why should I?' I asked, with something clutching my heart like a cold, strong, iron hand.

"'You shouldn't, and of course you won't; you have too much good sense. After what Dr. Ottison tells me—'

"'And what *does* Dr. Ottison tell you?' I interrupted, my cheeks flaming with defiance.

"'He says Jeannette will never be the same again—that her brain was injured by the fall—in short, that she is hopelessly insane. And he recommends that you put her in an asylum.'

"'He does, does he? I am much obliged to Dr. Ottison. Did he say this was necessary—that there would be any danger in having her round?'

"'Why, no, I did not understand him to speak of danger. He said it would be a great relief to you, and that in her state of mind all places would be pretty much alike to her.'

"'Excuse me, then, if I decline the proposed relief. It is just possible that all places may *not* be alike to poor Jeannie. It may be something to her to hear a voice and see a face she has known and loved all her lifetime. At any rate, until there is absolute danger in keeping her out of confinement, she shall never be put into it by me.'

"'You will think better of this, Merchis, when you have thought of it longer, and be more just to me. I should go mad myself, with my overtasked brain and extreme nervousness of organization, to have that witless creature round. Her uneasy questions and those perpetual moaning sighs would drive me to despair.'

"'Thank God, then, that she is not your sister, and you can escape from them. *You* owe her no duty. *I* have mine to do, and please Heaven I will do it. I stand to her in the place of father and mother, and so far as I have strength I will be to her what they would have been. Do you think I could rest night or day and think of my poor, harmless, gentle Jeannette shut up with gibbering lunatics?'

"'They are kind to them, Dr. Ottison says, when they are not dangerous.'

"'Dr. Ottison may test that kindness if he wishes.'

"'You will be sorry afterward, Merchis, that you have been so hasty. I have worked four years for the home I am almost ready to offer you. I don't think the world at large would blame me for being unwilling to share it with a crazy woman, sorry as I am for you, Merchis; yes, and for Jeannette, too. I solemnly believe I am counseling you for the best, and I will wait a little for you to come round to my side of the question.'

"Thereupon he went away, and I went in to Jeannette. The only idea that had escaped the general wreck of her faculties was an idea of love for and trust in me—a longing to have me always in her sight. Should I snatch from her this last morsel of comfort? Heaven forbid!

"'Ah, lovely Eve,' she said, as I went into the room, for she had taken up the habit of addressing me by all sorts of fanciful titles, 'I saw Apollyon going down the walk. Has he been tempting you? Don't believe him if he tells you the apple is ever so good. He looks like an angel of light; but don't you know that he is the Prince of Darkness?'

"'Should you like to go away from me,' I asked, just to try her, 'to a place where they would take good care of you, and make you well enough to go about as you used?'

"'He goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour,' she said, pointing down the road, where we could just see Arthur Blanchard walking along. 'Don't let him devour me. Queen of the Sun, keep me within the cheering warmth of your beams.'

"'I *will* keep you. Listen, Jeannette: if you are good and patient and quiet I shall be able to keep you, and no one shall ever take you away. If you are not good I shall get sick, and then I can't take care of you.'

"She looked into my eyes with those blue eyes of hers, beautiful still in their wildness, and then said, slowly: 'I do as you tell me now. Keep me until I am bad, and when I make you sick let Apollyon come for me.'

"Sitting alone that night far into the midnight, with Jeannette sleeping uneasily in the next room, I believe I began to taste the very bitterness of death. I tried to shut my eyes to the future, but I felt its chill foreshadowing in my soul. Remember that I had loved Arthur Blanchard for six years—dreamed no dream of any coming life in which he did not shine as the great sun filling my heavens with light and warmth. I had been so proud of him, had such faith in him—was it all to end now? I remembered my father's words that last night. Had the eyes which death anointed seen with but too clear a vision? Was I indeed to be rasped by the hardness and selfishness of which he had spoken? But I would not believe it. Not so soon could I dethrone my idol. Sun, moon, and stars might fade out of heaven—but surely, through the wreck, this sun of mine would shine. I shut my eyes on the treacherous shore I was nearing, and let myself drift with the tide.

"It was three weeks before he came again. Meantime I had talked with Dr. Ottison about Jeannette. He gave me no hope of her recovery. He had had much experience in such cases, having at one time in his life been superintendent of a private asylum, and he felt sure that her malady would prove incurable. Would it be impossible for me to keep her? I asked. No, certainly not impossible. He doubted if it would be wise. It would not be good for me, and he did not see how it could help her. As for danger, probably there would be none. Her insanity seemed of a mild and harmless type. When I heard that my mind was made up, and it would have taken more than Arthur Blanchard's best eloquence to change it.

"When he came to ask for my decision I think he understood from the first moment of our meeting how it would be. I thought afterward that my resolve was exactly what he had hoped for; but at the time I gave him credit for loving me in his own fashion, and it was very hard to part with him. I would wait for him if need were ten years; but while Jeannette lived, and remained the harmless, gentle creature she now was I never would send her away from me.

"'You would wait for me ten years,' he said, with some bitterness. 'Do you reflect at all on what I should be when those ten years were over—a gray, middle-aged man, with all the romance of youth gone during these ten best years of my life which you would have condemned me to pass alone?'

"A sudden intuition of what was in his mind flashed across me, like a ray of blinding sunlight.

"'I see it all,' I said, and I think womanly pride made my voice firm. 'You would in those ten years, in which you were losing your romance, have gained too much worldly wisdom to care to marry a woman who never was wealthy or beautiful, who would then be no longer young. *I* was looking at the matter from a woman's point of view. I can see how different it must be from yours.'

"'Then you can see, can you not, that your first duty is to me, and you will put aside other claims for my sake?'

"'I have not changed in my ideas about Jeannette, if that is what you mean. But I will not hold you on any uncertainty. I will make you entirely free to seek your happiness in your own way. I am sure that this is right and best.'

"'I think,' he said, with some real emotion in his voice, 'that about what is right and best you are making the saddest of mistakes. It may be best that we should part rather than to resolve on a long, uncertain waiting, but it can not be best that you should sacrifice your young life as you have planned.'

"'For that I must answer to God.'

"'You are determined?'

"'Entirely.'

"'You have broken up my whole plan and purpose of life,' he said. 'I must build anew out of the wreck; but I shall never love any other woman as I have loved you.'

"I did not speak—I could not trust myself just then. I only took off a little plain gold ring which I had worn for four years and dropped it in his palm.

"'Is this the end, Merchis?' and I do think he suffered a little when he said that—some old memory tugged momently at his heart-strings.

"'The end,' I answered, drearily, and then he went away.

"The sun was just setting. The light of day and the light of life and hope going out together, I thought, with passionate self-pity. I could hear Jeannette singing in her own room, a wild, sad, incoherent strain. It was one of her musical days, on which she was quite independent of me, and would chant for a whole afternoon to herself. I was thankful for an hour of freedom, in which to get used to the darkness wherein I must abide. I found no consolation in the knowledge that I had been worshiping an unworthy idol. There is something in the loss of love more subtle than the loss of any lover. It was not only that he was gone, but that with him was gone from me the power of loving, the glory of faith. And then I had cared for him so very much," she added, simply, and for the first time since she began her story the features of Merchis Deane quivered with a spasm of pain. She stopped speaking a moment, and I had time to hear a drowsy bird call to her mate, and watch through the lattice a gaudy-winged butterfly sailing by on the fragrant air of the slow summer afternoon. When she spoke again her voice was calm.

"I met the bitterest trouble of my life in those days, and conquered it in the only way in which it seems to me possible to conquer any grief. I learned to believe that it was God's medicine for my soul, and to be thankful for it as one of the 'all things' which were by-and-by to work together for my good. When I heard, six months afterward, of Arthur Blanchard's marriage I had mastered myself so entirely that the news did not bring me a single fresh pang. He had married the daughter of the county Judge before whom he was accustomed to plead his cases—a good arrangement, at the worldly wisdom of which I could even smile, and which very likely he had in mind when he walked away from me in the June sunset, with the little gold ring I had worn so long in his hand.

"Life settled into dull monotony after that, varied only by the different phases of Jeannette's malady. Sometimes she was very sad and silent—a brooding misery in her face which it made one's heart ache to see. At others she would be almost like her old gay self, save that in her mirth she was full of wild and curious fantasies. Never, in the three years through which I tended her, did she try to harm me; never did I receive from her the slightest hurt, except now and then when she would wake up at night out of the torture of some horrible dream, and cling round my neck in her terror with a grasp which almost strangled me. God only knows how thankful I used to be at those times that my poor darling had no confinement harsher than my firm, loving arms—that instead of being chained in a cell or thrust into a strait-jacket she could be soothed to quiet by a familiar voice. Not once would I have changed my course if I could, or taken one step backward.

"Toward the close of the third year her health began to fail; and with this failure it seemed to me that reason began to reassert her sway. I consulted Dr. Ottison anxiously. He told me that her case was not an uncommon one. If her reason came back, it would be as her life ebbed away. When you remember that she was all I had left to love, inexpressibly dear to me, even in this wreck of herself, you will understand how my heart clung to her as she was; how I shuddered at every indication of the returning reason which was to be but a prophecy of her doom.

"Day by day through that long spring I saw her grow weaker and thinner, and I saw at the same time the wild gleam of frenzy dying out of the eyes which began to follow me wherever I moved with a look of wistful tenderness. She talked very little, and gradually left off calling me by the fanciful names she had used all through her malady. She seemed painfully trying to recall something, wearing the anxious, questioning expression of one groping vainly after the lost threads of memory. March went by so, with its mourning winds and desolate storms. At last, when a day in April thrilled the earth with a hint of summer, and for the first time a robin outside the window called to his mate, something in the air or the sound seemed to penetrate the mist which shrouded her brain, and looking up she called me, for the first time in three years, by my name:

"'Merchis, do you think I shall live to see the summer?'

"I could not speak. Something strangled my voice and blinded my eyes. She got up and came to me where I sat.

"'Sister,' she said, 'tell me all about it. I have been ill a long time, I know, and you have grown pale and thin with taking care of me. Tell me the whole truth.'

"So, believing in truth at all times with my whole soul, I told her every thing; going back and beginning at that winter afternoon when she had gone out from me such a gay, merry girl, and been brought back with the best part of her life over. While I spoke her hands held mine closely, and I watched her face to see if I could trust her to be calm. And calm she was, with the deep peace of one to whom, standing on the shore of the Infinite, the things of time and sense grow dim and fade away. When all was told she kissed me, and as her lips touched my brow they seemed to me like a symbol of consecration.

"'The good Lord will love you, Merchis, and hold you safe in his faithful keeping, you that have been so faithful to me. See how merciful he is in giving us these last days in which we can be to each other all that we used to be!'

"The time that followed was short, reckoned by hours and days; but in the richness of its experience it seemed measureless. In it I learned how fearlessly a pure soul can draw near to Heaven. It moved me to a sad wonder to see this girl glad and grateful, even for the wreck and ruin of her earthly life, because she could see in it the Father's chosen way of taking her home.

"Before April was over she left me, as my mother had done in the same month five years before. One afternoon she called me to lie down beside her, and I took her in my arms, as I had held her through so many anxious nights when she was unconscious of my love. Thinking of those times the tears would come to my eyes, but she put up her lips and kissed them away.

"'You must not be sorry for me, darling,' she said. 'I am more than content to go; and I know you will be glad in the long ages that you cared for me to the end. God bless you, sister!'

"And then she hid the blue eyes, so changed from their old gay brightness, against my breast; the hair which used to be glittering gold, but which had in it now so many threads of silver, overswept my arms, and I held her very gently that she might go to sleep. And in that sleep her soul passed, God knows how. Though I held her so near I felt no change. The flutter of no angel's wing stirred the air. But my darling never awoke any more in this world.

"That was a year ago last April. This is the second summer to grow green above her grave, and I am all alone. You tell me my face is serene, and I believe my heart is at peace with God and man. But it is not the calm of a sea which no storms have ever troubled, but rather the deeper rest after One mighty to command has spoken to the waves His own 'Peace be still!'"

"Peace be still?" The words had fallen from her lips like a benediction. When she had uttered them she went out—for the afternoon was over—into the summer twilight. I opened my shutters. A lingering sunset flushed the west. A pale moon swung in the east. Dew and silence were over all. The spell of Nature's great gentleness entered into my heart, and for the first time since the dark days came I was able to say, taking up the chorus of moon and stars and all created things: "The Lord reigns; let the earth rejoice!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MR. EDITOR,—In reading over the cases of absent-mindedness in your paper I was reminded of an incident that happened to a bachelor friend of mine. He is in the habit, when he comes to his room in the evening, of putting his tea-kettle on the stove and himself lying down on the lounge and taking a snooze until the kettle begins to sing, when he would get up and make his tea. The other evening, being a little prostrated on account of old Simpkins's daughter "cutting" him on the street, he put the kettle on the lounge and got upon the stove himself, and never discovered his mistake *until he began to sing!*

"Now, then, fust boy in 'rithmetic, how many white beans air there in ten black ones?" "Ten, Sir, ef you skin 'em," was the reply.

Not much difference between the very rich and the very poor after all. The former live in fear of starvation, and the latter in dread of the gout.

A Yankee preacher discoursing in regard to Daniel in the lion's den, said: "And there he sat all night long, looking at the show for nothing, and it did not cost him a cent."

ADVICE GRATIS.

Chimney on Fire. Remedy and conduct.—If your chimney should ever be on fire, wrap yourself up in a damp blanket and swallow a quarter of a pound of hot water.

Hysterics.—If any one goes off into hysterics, knock him down and pump on him: take off his shoes and hit him with them several times behind the ears.

In the case of a lady, prepare to throw a mixture of sweet oil and soot over her dress. This will have the desired effect.

Butter Scotch.—Recipe. Take an ugly Highlander. This will serve for the "Scotch." Tell him he's the handsomest man you ever saw. This will butter him. And the thing is done.

Cure for a Cold.—Take two quarts of any thing you like, rub in with soap and water, stir briskly and let some one stand for five minutes while you're doing it. Then to bed, if it's time.

How to tame a Savage Mastiff who bites every one and eats children.—Take out his teeth.

THE RISING GENERATION.—The Fenians.

"I have gone into the silk business," said a man to his neighbor. "So I supposed, as I saw you *reeling* home last night."

EXTRAORDINARY TASTE.—The London *Advertiser* relates the story of a Parisian coachman, who, having undergone amputation of the tongue for cancer, had the organ replaced by one of India-rubber. "Although he can not speak," the account goes on to say, "he tastes swallows and smokes his pipe with apparent enjoyment." How he can smoke his pipe after he has tasted and swallowed it rather puzzles us.

Old Bachelor Sneer would like to know what kind of a broom the young woman in the last new novel used when she swept back the raven ringlets from her classic brow.

Why is a choleric man like a handsaw?—Because directly he gets hot he loses his temper.

THE REAL COMMERCIAL DOCKS.—Discounts.

"SARAH," said a young man, the other day, "why don't you wear ear-rings?"
"Because I haven't had my ears pierced."
"I will bore them for you."
"Thank you, you have done that enough."

Snooks says the reason he does not get married is, that his house is not large enough to contain the consequences.

The lady wearing the largest waterfall is considered the Niagara of fashion.

He who is a tiger in his own family is generally a sheep in society.

USEFUL.—A lady tramped on a dog's tail, at Omaha, the other day, and the animal bit her leg. The blood did not flow, however; only saw-dust flew. He did not go deep enough for blood. This is the most useful purpose we have ever heard of a false calf serving.

The love that kills—pulmonary affection.

Mrs. Partington said she did not marry her second husband because she loved the male sex, but just because he was the size of her first protector, and could wear out his old clothes.

Elder Knapp, speaking of long prayers, once said: "When Peter was endeavoring to walk upon the water to meet his Master, and was about sinking, had his supplication been as long as the introduction to one of our modern prayers, before he got through he would have been fifty feet under water."

"I wish you would pay a little attention to what I am saying, Sir," roared an irate lawyer to an exasperating witness. "Well, I am paying as little as I can," was the calm reply.

"Isaac, my son, let the Good Book be a lamp unto thy path." "Mother," replied the thoughtful Isaac, "I should think that was making light of sacred things."

"Is that clock right over there?" asked a visitor the other day. "Right over there," said the boy; "'tain't nowhere else."

"Why is a kiss like a rumor?—Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

When the day "breaks" what becomes of the fragments?

French statistics show that just ten fools drown themselves in the Seine every month.

TROUBLE.—Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you; for trouble rarely troubles people who never trouble themselves about trouble.

We hear a great deal about Great Britain's poor laws; but we fear there are a great many laws quite as poor in our own country.

DOCTOR. "Well, Madam, how's your husband today?"
WIFE. "Why, Doctor, he seems no better."
DOCTOR. "Did you get the leeches?"
WIFE. "Yes; but he only took three of them raw; I had to fry the rest!"

A gentleman who wanted to make a speech to a Sunday-school, thought he would adopt the colloquial style, and this is what happened:

"Now boys, what does a man want when he goes a fishing?"

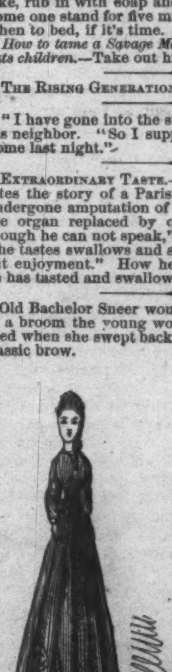
A shrill voice in the crowd went directly to the point with,

"*Wants a bite!*"

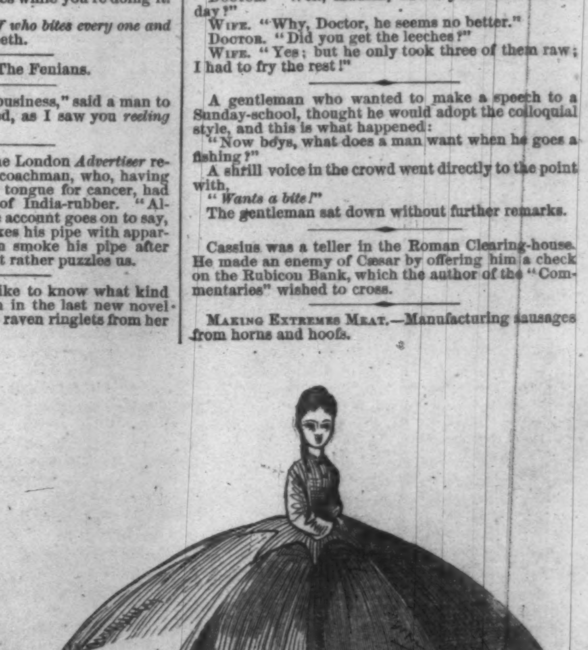
The gentleman sat down without further remarks.

Cassius was a teller in the Roman Clearing-house. He made an enemy of Cæsar by offering him a check on the Rubicon Bank, which the author of the "Commentaries" wished to cross.

MAKING EXTREMES MEAT.—Manufacturing sausages from horns and hoofs.



DRY WEATHER.



WET WEATHER.

THE FENIAN UPRISING IN IRELAND—NIGHT ATTACK ON THE POLICE AT TALLAGHT, March 5, 1867.—[See Page 238.]

AFRICAN HEAD-DRESS—THE VERTICAL CHIGNON.

CURIOUS AFRICAN FASHIONS.

It is generally believed that we get our fashions from Paris—a little late, it is true, but still of Parisian origin. The *chignon*, yclept "waterfall" by the American belles with whom the style has been the rage for a year or more, was supposed to be an inspiration of French genius located in Paris; and when, a short time ago, a crusade was started against the beloved and becoming *chignon*, the American ladies boldly expressed their intention to cling to the style as long as the Parisians did. It may possibly bring this crusade to a sudden and successful issue, and induce the ladies to abandon the style, if we show that it is, and has been for many years, in vogue among the savage women of Central Africa! We are indebted for this astounding intelligence to that enterprising man of wonderful adventures in Africa, Paul B. du Chaillu, author of the fascinating work entitled "A Journey to Ashango-Land and further Penetration into Equatorial Afriea," published in elegant style by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of this city, to whom we are indebted for the accompanying illustrations of Mr. Du Chaillu's new discovery. The negro people described by him in his new volume are a distinct race from those treated of in his first book, "Explorations and Adventures in Equitorial Africa," issued by Harper & Brothers. The races now described are in a very primitive state, having no direct intercourse with strangers, for the Christian and Mohammedan missionaries have left them untouched, nor have they any immediate intercourse with the European slave-traders. Their condition is lower than we had imagined of any negro tribes. Their country is the most sweltering region of the equator, and consists of dense forests, interspersed here and there with open prairies, and is composed of low plains, divided by mountain ridges, abundantly supplied with rivers, but with none of magnitude. The country is scantily inhabited by man, beast, and bird, the denizens of the forest being, for the most part, confined to monkeys, reptiles, and insects, while the large quadrupeds of the grassy plains are chiefly the elephant, the hog, and a wild ox peculiar to this region.

AFRICAN HEAD-DRESS—THE HORIZONTAL CHIGNON.

From one of the chapters devoted to the description of the dress of the savages we give several extracts, reproducing also four of the illustrations of the African head-dresses in the style alluded to. Mr. Du Chaillu writes as follows:

"The Ishogos are a fine tribe of negroes; they are strongly and well built, with well-developed limbs and broad shoulders. I consider them superior to the Ashiras in physique, and I remarked that they generally had finer heads, broader in the part where phrenologists place the organs of ideality. With some of them their general appearance reminded me of the Fans. The women have good figures; they tattoo themselves in various parts of the body—on the shoulders, arms, breast, back, and abdomen—and some of them have raised pea-like marks similar to those of the Apono women, between the eye-brows and on the cheeks. Both men and women adopt the custom of pulling out the two middle incisors of the upper jaw, but this mode of adding to their personal attraction is not so general as among the Aponos; many file their upper incisors and two or three of the lower ones to a point.

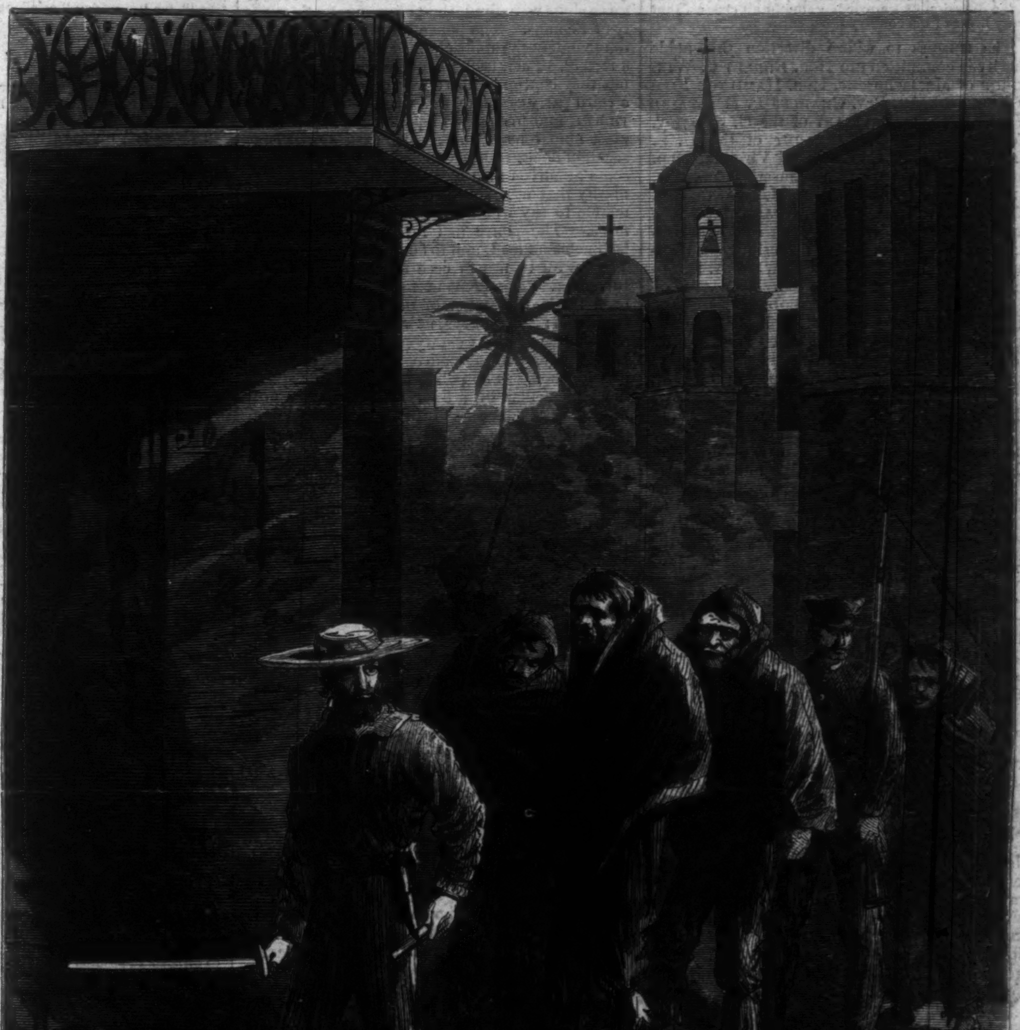
"The men and women ornament themselves with red powder, made by rubbing two pieces of bar-wood together; but their most remarkable fashions relate to the dressing of the hair. On my arrival at Igoumbié I had noticed how curious the head-dresses of the women were, being so unlike the fashions I had seen among any of the tribes I had visited. Although these modes are sometimes very grotesque, they are not devoid of what English ladies, with their present fashions, might consider good taste: in short, they cultivate a remarkable sort of chignons. I have remarked three different ways of hair-dressing as most prevalent among the Ishogo belles. The first is to train the hair into a tower-shaped mass elevated from eight to ten inches from the crown of the head; the hair from the forehead to the base of the tower, and also that of the back part up to the ears, being closely shaved off. In order to give shape to the tower, they make a frame-work, generally out of old pieces of grass-cloth, and fix the hair round it. All the chignons are worked up on a frame. Another mode is to wear the tower, with two round balls of hair, one on each side, above the ear.

"A third fashion is similar to the first, but the tower, instead of being perpendicular to the crown, is inclined obliquely from the back of the head, and the front of the head is clean shaven almost to the middle. The neck is also shorn closely up to the ears.

"The hair on these towers has a parting in the middle and on the sides, which is very neatly done. The whole structure must require years of careful training before it reaches the perfection attained by the leaders of Ishogo fashion. A really good chignon is not attained until the owner is about twenty or twenty-five years of age. It is the chief object of ambition with the young Ishogo women to possess a good well-trained

AFRICAN HEAD-DRESS—THE STYLE FOR MALES.

AFRICAN HEAD-DRESS—THE OBLIQUE CHIGNON.



ARREST OF LADRONES, MATAMORAS, MEXICO.—[See Page 238.]

and well-greased tower of hair of the kind that I describe. Some women are far better dressers of hair than others, and are much sought for—the fixing and cleaning of the hair requiring a long day's work.

"The woman who desires to have her hair dressed must either pay the hair-dresser or must promise to perform the same kind office to her neighbor in return.

"Once fixed, these chignons remain for a couple of months without requiring to be rearranged, and the mass of insect life that accumulates in them during that period is truly astonishing. However, the women make use of their large iron or ivory hair-pins (which I described in 'Equatorial Africa') in the place of combs. The fashion of the '*chignon*' was unknown when I left Europe, so that to the belles of Africa belongs the credit of the invention. The women wear no ornaments in the ears, and I saw none who had their ears pierced; they are very different from the Apingi in this respect.

"The men also have fancy ways of trimming their hair. The most fashionable style is to shave the whole of the head except a circular patch on the crown, and to form this into three finely-plaited divisions, each terminating in a point and hanging down. At the end of each of these they fix a large bead or a piece of iron or brass wire, so that the effect is very singular. The Ishogo people shave their eyebrows and pull out their eyelashes.

"The native razor, with which both men and women shave themselves, is a kind of curved and pointed knife made of iron, well worked and tempered with charcoal, the cutting edge being the convex side. It is four or five inches long and has a wooden handle. Slabs of slaty stone are used as whetstones."

THE PEABODY FUND.

George Peabody, the American banker, has made for himself an enviable reputation and an enduring fame by judiciously giving away large portions of his goodly store of this world's goods. Among his many charitable bequests the last will redound most to his credit, since it contemplates and indeed secures more substantial good to a larger class of persons than any of his previous gifts.

On February 7, 1867, Mr. Peabody appropriated and set aside, out of his ample fortune, over two million of dollars for the education of the more destitute young persons of the South and Southwestern States without distinction of color. In his letter of instruction to the trustees of the fund, whom he had chosen, Mr. Peabody gives his reasons for, and purposes in, making the donation; and writes, among other things, as follows:

"With my advancing years my attachment to my native land has but become more devoted. My hope and faith in its successful and glorious future have grown brighter and stronger; and now, looking forward beyond my stay on earth, as may be permitted to one who has passed the limit of threescore-and-ten years, I see our country united and prosperous, emerging from the clouds which still surround her, taking a higher rank among the nations, and becoming richer and more powerful than ever before. But to make its prosperity more than superficial her moral and mental development should keep pace with her material growth, and in those portions of our nation to which I have referred the urgent and pressing physical needs of an almost impoverished people must, for some years, preclude them from making, by unaided effort, such advances in education, and such progress in the diffusion of knowledge among all classes, that every lover of his country must earnestly desire."

The trustees to whose direction this noble charity is committed are Hon. Robert C. Winthrop of Massachusetts, Hon. Hamilton Fish of New York, Rt. Rev. Charles P. M'Ilvaine of Ohio, Gen. U. S. Grant of the U. S. Army, Admiral David G. Farragut of the U. S. Navy, Hon. Wm. C. Rives of Virginia, Hon. John H. Clifford of Massachusetts, Hon. Wm. Aiken of South Carolina, Wm. M. Evarts, Esq. of New York, Hon. Wm. A. Graham of North Carolina, Charles Macalister of Pennsylvania, Geo. A. Riggs, Esq. of Washington, Samuel Wetmore of New York, Edward A. Bradford, Esq. of Louisiana, Geo. N. Eaton of Maryland, and George Peabody Russell of Massachusetts. At the invitation of Mr. Peabody the most of these gentlemen assembled in New York city on March 22, and were present at a banquet given by Mr. Peabody at the Fifth Avenue Hotel to General Grant and his lady. The same gentlemen and Mr. Peabody met subsequently at Brady's Photographic Gallery and had their photographs taken in a group, from which we present in this number of the *Weekly* a fine engraving, giving accurate portraits of the distinguished gentlemen.

The following sonnet in honor of Mr. Peabody, written by Mrs. Botta, was read at the dinner:

No Eastern tale, no annals of the past,
Of Greece or Rome, deeds such as thine relate,
Deeds kings and emperors might emulate,
That o'er thy native land new lustre cast;
The land that opens all her wide domain
To the oppressed of every name and zone,
And with a spirit generous as thine own
Pours forth the gifts her boundless stores contain;
The land that shall embalm thy memory
In love and honor, while long ages hence
The bounteous stream of thy beneficence,
Bearing along to millions yet to be
Tributes of light and love, its course shall run,
Still widening as it flows, like the broad Amazon!

THE LADRONES OF MEXICO.

The guerrillas who infest the rural regions of Mexico, and ply their vocation as highway robbers, have always been held in great dread by travelers in that clime; but they are not more ferocious and daring and cruel than the Ladrones or "midnight thieves" who infest the cities and towns of the same country. The Ladrones of Mexico belong to the same class as the Lazaroni of Naples, and the beggar-thieves of London and New York. They are invariably clad in the most slovenly manner, are dirty and ragged in the extreme, and are degraded in habits and vicious in their nature. All night long they prowl around the cities, generally in groups, seeking whom they may devour. They make it a rule—an inviolable custom—to steal any thing they can lay their hands upon; and when hard pressed by poverty or the police they do not hesitate to cut a throat, a single *media* being sufficient inducement to murder. When pursued and overtaken they invariably turn and fight, knowing that capture is equivalent to death; and hence terrible conflicts frequently ensue between them and the police.

The engraving on page 237 was sketched by our artist in Matamoras, and represents a scene of frequent occurrence there—the arrest of a group or band of Ladrones. The Lamplighter is seen in the advance of the escort. This individual, employed to light the lamps of the streets, is also looked upon as one of the city guardians, and, armed with a revolver, performs duty as a policeman. Behind the ferocious-looking Ladrones comes the guard of police who are escorting them to the calaboose. Here the thieves will be confined for the rest of the night. Mexican law condemns this class of culprits to a very brief imprisonment; for as soon as day breaks on the morning after a Ladrone's capture he is taken from the prison to the court-yard and shot!

THE FENIAN UPRISING.

We have already given full accounts of the insurrectionary efforts of the Fenians in Ireland during the months of February and March. Shrove-Tuesday, March 5, was the day fixed upon for the second uprising; and on that day and night several attempts were made to seize barracks and police stations containing arms and ammunition. We give on page 236 a picture of the fight at the police station at Tallaght. This station was at the junction of two roads from Dublin, and was considered an important strategic point. It was held by fourteen men of the Constabulary Police under Sub-Inspector Dominick F. Burke. A little before midnight on March 5 the Sub-Inspector, with two constables, was coming from Rathfarnham to the Tallaght station, when he met about forty of the Fenians in charge of a cart-load of ammunition. These men were stopped by Sub-Inspector Burke, who called on them to surrender. The leader of the band, who was armed with a sword, was disposed to fight, and made a blow with the sword at one of the policemen, who, with his sword-bayonet fixed on his rifle, warded off the blow, striking in return at his assailant, whom he stabbed in the abdomen. Thus ended the first encounter, the Fenians at once retreating, taking with them their wounded leader, but leaving behind them their large supply of ammunition. The second party which the small police force at Tallaght encountered came up by the Green Hills Road. They numbered some hundreds. Sub-Inspector Burke, who at this time had been reinforced by the Tallaght police, called on the Fenians to surrender, and intimated that there was a large armed force at hand. The insurgents hesitated for a few moments; and that they were badly armed was proved by the fact that when they proceeded to action their instruments of offense mostly consisted of stones taken off the road. About three shots were fired, the police say, by this party of Fenians. The police returned the fire, and immediately the undisciplined band commenced a retreat. Their leader called upon them to halt; but they continued to run. At half past twelve a third party came up, and were also met by Mr. Burke and his party of police. This was the most numerous of the several parties, and consisted of about 1000 men and boys. There were some hundreds in it who walked with such regularity that at a short distance the police were unable to say whether they were not a military force. The police had received orders to fix bayonets and load, and to be prepared for attack. They were to fire in case the party refused to surrender. The demand for surrender having been made, the leader of the band said to his command: "Now boys, now!" and immediately a discharge of about eighty guns took place, but without injury to the police, not a man of whom was touched. The police had knelt down, and the bullets flew over their heads. The return fire from the police was instantly given, and with some effect, one man having been mortally wounded and another receiving a flesh wound in the right thigh. The whole party of Fenians took to flight, and many threw away their weapons. The police caught sixty-five of the party, and made them prisoners in the station. Our illustration represents the conflict with the third party.

EDUCATING THEOLOGIANS.

No subject can be more interesting at this time to the people at large than that of the education of the Southern people, black and white; for through the education of the masses the permanent and thorough reconstruction and unity of the country is to be finally attained. We have before had occasion to notice the commendable efforts made in this direction by the officers of the Freedmen's Bureau, the American Missionary, and other associations. Among the many interesting statements showing the progress making among the negroes we find in the *American Missionary*, published at No. 53 John Street, New York, by the society of the same name, the following account, written by Miss Julia A. Shearman, of Brooklyn, now a teacher at Augusta, Georgia, of the exercises in a colored theological school just started at the latter-named point:

A theological school is just being opened here for colored Baptist ministers. A building is to be erected by-and-by, and a professor from the North is to take charge; but at present the school is simply a voluntary organization of brethren, meeting together for study, with such help as they can get. They have asked Mr. Price to take charge, and he has proposed to me to assist him.

I made my first visit last night, my good friend Miss Burt accompanying me. The school is held in one of the churches, and being more than a mile away, one of the "ministers" called for us with his own horse and buggy. We had some interesting talk with him on the way concerning the new and wonderful prospects opening before him and his people.

I asked how he felt about *voting*, and he replied that he was very thankful and happy to have the privilege. I told him there were thousands of well-educated gentlemen in England who did not possess this privilege, at which he seemed greatly surprised.

He said that their fathers and grandfathers had looked and prayed for such a day as this, but had died without seeing it, and wound up with the remark, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes." Tying the horse to a tree he assisted us to alight, and we were soon in the midst of our scholars.

I had taught night-school before, but never just this kind of school. Here were about forty ministers, of different ages, from the white-headed father in Israel to the young licentiate, every one with a book in his hand, and eager to study. They greeted us warmly, and when I said I hoped they would not have any objection to being taught by ladies temporarily, they replied unanimously that they should consider it *an honor*.

School was opened by prayer, and one of the brethren called the roll, and then Miss B. and I buckled on our armor and addressed ourselves to the work of enlightening this body of divinity.

It touched me much to see a row of young ministers, every one with a *primer* in hand; licentiates, I presume, these were. Miss B. took them in hand, and afterward attended to a Third Reader class, while I took charge of a large class in the Freedmen's Second Reader. On the front seat was a venerable old man, evidently more accustomed to the spade or the hoe than to a book. He held it up to the gas, borrowed a pair of "specs" of a neighbor, and finally succeeded in reading the first two paragraphs of the opening lesson. I confess I felt some delicacy at correcting the old gentleman for the misplacing of a letter or two, or the disregard of the commas and periods. I pictured him in the pulpit giving full vent to his native eloquence, urging his unconverted brethren to come to Jesus, or going down to the river side to administer the rite of baptism; and I almost felt as if I were offering an insult to his gray hairs. Not so he, however; his face brightened up each time I corrected him, and as he evidently enjoyed it I began to enjoy it too.

But now picture, if you can, *a ministers' spelling class!* Imagine my feelings as I called on the Rev. Mr. —— to spell w-o-r-l-d, and the Rev. Mr. —— to spell b-e-a-s-t-s; a difficult word, by-the-way, both to spell and pronounce, and over which every one tripped and fell! I took occasion to enliven the spelling with various little dissertations on the nature and peculiarities of the English language, the derivation of words, etc., with which they seemed highly delighted. When every one had read and spelled, it was proposed by the Rev. Mr. —— that they should read the first chapter of Revelation, and I readily consented, advising that one should read in a distinct, audible voice, stopping at the end of each verse for the rest to criticise. My advice was followed, and proved very acceptable in its results. The pastor of the church ascended the steps of the pulpit, opened the ponderous Bible, put on the "specs," and proceeded slowly, but firmly, to read, pausing, according to agreement, for the criticisms of his brethren, and—alas for the dignity of man—of *his sister*, too! Yes, there was no way to escape the responsibility; for once it was clearly my duty to correct the preacher, standing, too, in his own pulpit! There was no hesitation on the part of his brethren. Criticisms showered down freely, and I was appealed to as umpire. You said "sanctified" for "signified," cried one, alluding to the 1st verse; you said "*the* things" instead of "*those* things," cried another, referring to the 3d. The worthy pastor stood rebuked, and submitted himself with a lowliness well worthy of imitation. We wound up our exercise by repeating, simultaneously, all the hard words in the chapter—Alpha, Omega, Ephesus, Smyrna, Thyatira, etc.

This recitation was particularly acceptable to all the students, for one of the primer licentiates had previously whispered to Miss B.: "Miss, won't you please give me a Bible lesson, for they call on me to preach sometimes, and *I'm mighty tight up on the words!*"

All the theological students seemed satisfied with their teachers, and passed a vote of thanks, with a request that they would continue their services.

The same good brother drove us home, chatting pleasantly and intelligently on the way.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S BOOK.

The Queen of England's book, announced some time ago, has been published for private distribution only. It is entitled "Leaves from my Journal in the Highlands," consists of about forty papers descriptive of her life at Balmoral, and is illustrated by herself. In one of the papers she gives an account of the preaching of Dr. Norman McLeod, of Glasgow, and, after stating how astonished she was that any one could preach "so eloquently and touchingly without notes," she adds, "and then he prayed so kindly for me and the Prince in the after prayer that I was deeply touched; but when he invoked God's blessing on the children I felt a great lump come in my throat." She had not expected to be prayed for so kindly by a Presbyterian, and least of all did she expect him to remember the children. Since that time Dr. McLeod has been made one of her Majesty's chaplains. The books have been distributed among her special friends and favorites, with an inscription in the following form:

To dear Jeannie G——, in remembrance of many, many happy hours—gone never to return again, from
V. R.

FUNCTION OF THE NERVES.

Every one speaks of nerves as though they were very familiar things. People, too, are nervous who have but a very imperfect idea of what nervousness means. There are delicate white slender cords extending from the underside of the brain, and from the sides of the spinal marrow through the whole length of the back-bone, which are distributed in such a manner throughout the body that there is not an organ, a tube, a vessel, or a fibre which has not a twig of a nerve expended upon it. Then, again, there are three kinds of nerves in each of us. *First*, those belonging to organic life—such as those distributed to the heart, liver, spleen, kidneys, stomach, and bowels, which are beyond the control of the will. *Secondly*, we have nerves of sensation—which convey sensations they have received, as, for example, the prick of a pin or pressure on the end of a finger, directly up to the brain. The *third* kind of nerves are a distinct set of cords which convey the commands of the mind to the organs of motion. Those are nerves of volition. Hence it will be seen at once that Nature established three telegraph lines in every animal body, however humble in the scale of creation, when they were called into existence. Our hands, feet, eyes, tongue, jaws, and other voluntary apparatus, are regularly telegraphed to from the soul's station in the head; and word is transmitted back if the order is obeyed. When out of order and no messages are obeyed, then there is a palsy or paralysis, which medical men attempt to cure, or, otherwise, put the wires in working condition again. Complete and surprising as the modern telegraph truly is, it falls infinitely below Nature's system, which carries dispatches quicker and on more circuitous routes, besides bestowing it upon every living being, from man to the monad. And better still, it perpetuates itself without making a single change in the disposition of the wires.

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THE IMMENSE PROFITS OF THE TEA TRADE.

The Proprietors of The Great American Tea Company became fully convinced, several years ago, that the consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on these articles of every-day consumption, and therefore organized the Great American Tea Company to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the consumers, and to supply them with these necessaries at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for all the profit he can get.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so that there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-Office Money Orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

Our Black and Green Mixed Teas will give universal satisfaction and suit all tastes, being composed of the best Foo-Chow Blacks and Moyune Greens. English Breakfast is not recommended, excepting to those who have acquired a taste for that kind of Tea, although it is the finest imported.

Consumers can save from 50 cents to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St., Corner of Church St. (Post-Office Box 5643), New York City.
COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c, best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers and Families, who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Our Coffee Department is very extensive—the largest perhaps in the country. We run three engines constantly, and sometimes four or five, in roasting and grinding our Coffee. Our Coffee buyers are experts, who examine most of the Coffees imported, and select the best and finest flavors for our trade. We employ the most experienced and skillful roasters, who exercise the greatest care that it shall be cooked in a perfect manner. It is always fresh, for our orders crowd our facilities to their utmost capacity.

A considerable portion of the Coffee put upon the market of late years is picked while the pods are green, and subjected to artificial heat to open the pods. This is not so good as that which ripens in the natural way upon the plant. Our Coffee buyer thoroughly understands this business, and can readily distinguish the naturally ripened from the artificially cured; and he only buys the Coffee which is naturally ripened. We examine the cargoes as they arrive, and our trade is so large that it takes all the best lots. This is what gives our Coffee a superior flavor to many others, and the same flavor it used to have in days long gone by. It is a common saying that most Coffee does not taste as well as it formerly did. The reason for it is that a considerable proportion of it is picked before it is fully ripe. We sell none but the fully ripe, rich-flavored Coffee.

Country Clubs, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Club Order.

Cleveland, Ohio, *Feb.* 23, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company, Nos. 31 *and* 33 *Vesey Street, New York:*

Your Teas and Coffee sent on my former order gave entire satisfaction. Please send to my address by Merchants' Dispatch, C. O. D. I don't know any thing about Tea myself, but my wife says the $1 00 Oolong is just as good as we have to pay $1 50 for in town. Yours, &c., J. E. Ingersoll.
No. 211 Superior Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

15 lbs. Best Ground Coffee, Java	at $0 40	$6 00
15 lbs. Best Java Coffee, Raw (berry)	at 35	5 25
5 lbs. Best Java Coffee, Roasted (berry)	at 40	2 00
4 lbs. Mixed Black and Green Tea	at 1 00	4 00
3 lbs. Mixed Black and Green Tea	at 1 00	3 00
Carried up		$20 25
Brought up		$20 25
6 lbs. Best Oolong	at 1 00	6 00
2 lbs. Best Oolong	at 1 00	2 00
4 lbs. Young Hyson	at 1 25	5 00
5 lbs. Best Java Coffee, Raw (berry)	at 35	1 75
Total		$35 00

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 Vesey Street, near Church. Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—*large double store.*

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In the prices of American and European Watches; retailing at our former wholesale prices, 25 to 50 per cent. less than New York retail prices. Watches sent by express, C.O.D., and can be seen and examined before being paid for. Descriptive catalogue of prices sent free. All our watches are first quality, and are fully guaranteed. C. E. COLLINS & CO., Agents for Manufacturers, 42 and 44 Nassau St., N. Y.

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HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES. A charming, perfect, natural color for the cheeks, lips, or nails. Does not wash off or injure the skin; remains permanent for years; and can not be detected. Price $1 18, by mail, secure from observation. Address HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia.

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Correspondents wanted; business easy; good pay. Send 10 cts. for plans, and secure your town. JAY M. CLARKE, Brooklyn, New York.

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☞ A new style for use by hand or foot at $25.

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